CHILDREN'S WORLD

December 2011

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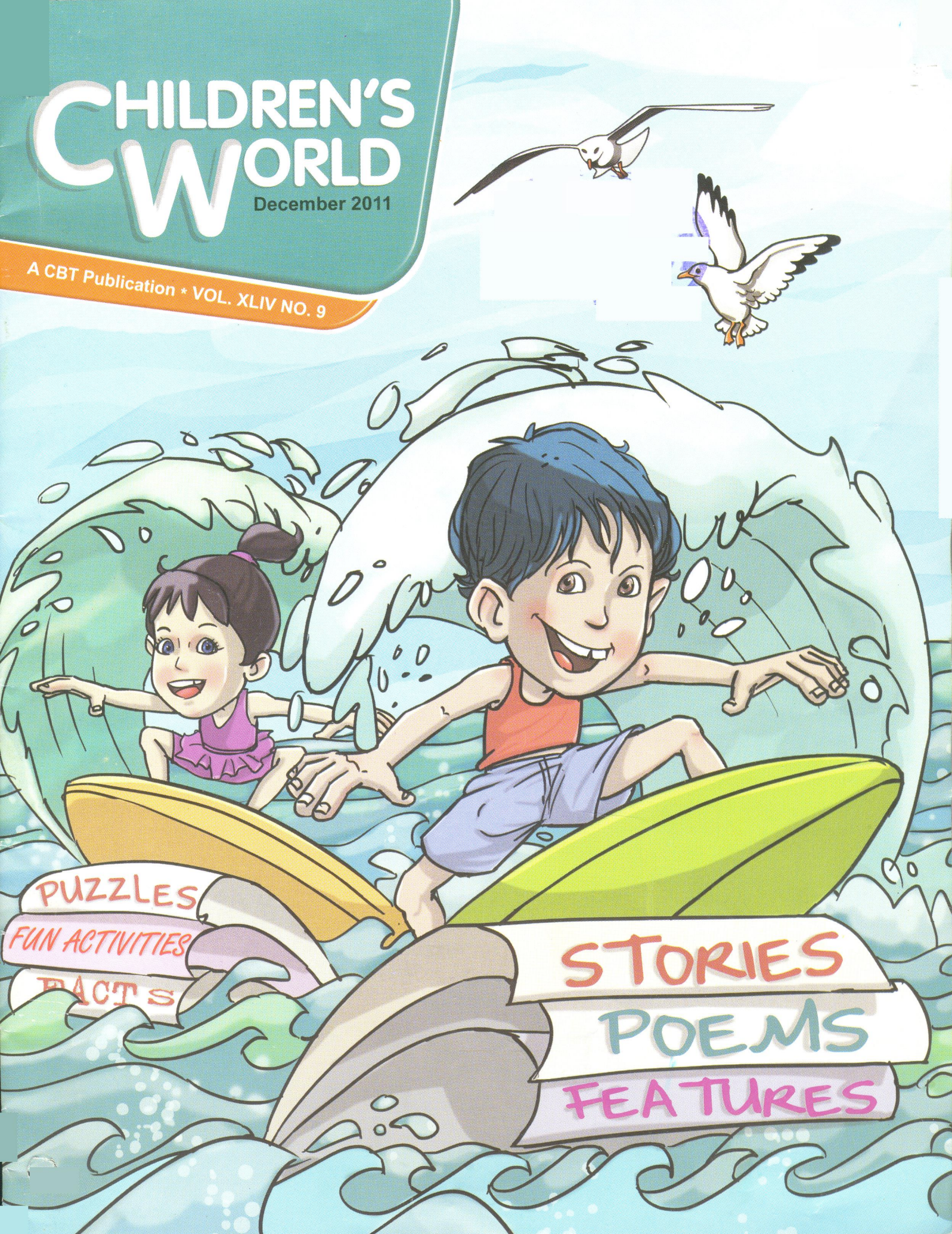

Sirhind, The Most Revered Gurdwara

OUR INDIA

Mohan Lal Mago
Layout: Subir Roy

THROUGH THE centuries Sirhind Gurdwara's identity has changed. How did that come about? The answer lies in its being built at the site of one of the greatest tragedies in Sikh history—the brutal execution of the two sons of Guru Gobind Singh at the tender age of 9 and 7.

Sirhind is a small town in Punjab. In medieval chronicles the name of the town has been written as Sirhind, Shahrind or Sirihind. The place has come to occupy a significant position in the history of India's Islamic dynasties. Sirhind has been mentioned in the *Humayunama* and *Tabaqat-i-Akhari*, on the coins of Emperor Akbar and in the narratives of foreign travellers like Father Monserrate who visited India in 1581.

Sirhind's location was the reason for its prime importance. During the reign of the Tughlaks, when the scorching sands of the Thar Desert made travel from Delhi to territories in the west difficult through the southern route, that is, via Bhatinda, Firoz Shah built a fort at Sirhind and made it an independent administrative unit.

The town's importance was at its peak during the reign of the Mughals, when its location made it the halfway point in the military road connecting Delhi with Lahore. During Emperor Akbar's reign, Sirhind was the headquarters of the highest revenue yielding province of Delhi. Mughal emperors would regularly travel through Sirhind, eventually leading to the construction of a beautified caravan *sarai* for the royals here.

Today, Sirhind does not find a place in modern history books. However, the caravan *sarai* for Mughal royals still exists. Called the Sarai Aam Khas Bagh, it lies within a relatively well preserved walled complex. In its prime, the sarai was over a mile-and-quarter long.

Life in Sirhind revolved around two religious sites that lie next to each other—Gurdwara Fatehgarh Sahib which is of great significance to the Sikhs and Rauza Sharif, the tomb of Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi, also known as Pir Naqshabandiwala, a saint held in great reverence across the subcontinent.

Across the road from the Gurdwara and the tomb is the village of Talanian. In this otherwise non-descript village also lie two huge tombs that date back to the 17th century.⌘

CHILDREN'S BOOK TRUST • NEW DELHI •

NEW RELEASES FROM CBT

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SHANKAR

Dear Friends

A friend told me this story which I would like to share with you. A 10-year-old boy decided to learn judo despite the fact that he had lost his left arm in an accident. The boy began his lessons with an old Japanese judo master. After three months of training his master had taught him only one move.

"Shouldn't I be learning more moves?" the boy asked his master.

"This is the only move you'll ever need to know," the master replied calmly.

Not quite understanding, yet believing in his teacher, the boy kept training.

Several months later, the master took the boy to his first tournament. His opponent was bigger, stronger and more experienced. The referee expressed his concern but the master was unperturbed. The match began and the boy easily won the first two rounds. In the final round his opponent was more aggressive and charged at him. The boy stayed focused on his one move. That is when his opponent made a critical mistake. The boy with his one move pinned him down and won the match!

On the way home the boy asked his master how he had won the match with only one move?

"You won for two reasons," his master answered, "one, you have mastered the most difficult throws in judo. Two, the only defense for that move is for the opponent to grab your left arm!" The boy's weakness had thus become his biggest strength!

As we prepare our resolutions for the New Year, let this be our guide.

Happy New Year 2012!

Navin Menon

two-way talk

This space is for you...for your news and views! The best response wins a prize!

Respected Sir,

I sincerely thank you for publishing the photograph of my pet pug in your 'Click for Fun' column of October 2011 issue of Children's World magazine. I am an ardent reader of your esteemed magazine and I appreciate the kind of encouragement you provide us.

It was only when my father gifted me a puppy that I realized that a dog is a man's best and faithful friend. I often find children teasing and throwing stones at stray dogs. I would like to voice my opinion through your reputed magazine that we should treat animals with care and love as they also have feelings and have a right to live. My pet has taught me to be caring, and watching his antics makes everybody laugh.

I would also suggest you to publish more articles on animal behaviour and the important part they play in our life.

Utkarsh Mukherjee, Bhilai

Since one year I'm getting CW magazine. I get inspired to write when I read the articles written by children. These children are given a prize by your publication house. Even I got a cheque of ₹100 as prize for one of my . . even something much better than the other ones. you could publish comics in magazine. CW is 44 years old. "East or West, CW is the Best!"

Priyam Jesani (13)

Dear Editor,

It is with a great sense of pride and honour that I am writing this letter to convey my heartiest thanks to you for publishing CW, one of the most wonderful magazines I have ever read. To me, CW has been a friend as well as a mentor, like Lord Krishna who always shows me the right path, thus helping me reach my destination. The rigorous effort put in by the editorial team in bringing out the CW magazine is praiseworthy. A big salute to CW!

Anoopam Mishra (13), New Delhi.

Utkarsh Mukherjee wins a prize for the best response. Congratulations!

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VOL. XLIV No. 9 December 2011
CHILDREN'S WORLD
A FRIEND FOREVER
FUN FOREVER

CONTENTS

STORIES

11 Entangled
Gunjas Singh

14 The Fruition
Vanisree

20 The Brahmadaitya
Subir Ghosh And Richa Bansal
FOLK TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

23 Two Sisters And A Doll
Priya Narayanan

26 Stevie's Aquarium
Usha Bajaracharya Verma
SPECIAL STORY

29 Tweety And Robin
Sarisha D

33 The Celebrity
Debashish Majumdar

POEMS

6 Friends—The Best Part...
Priyanka Rana

7 Brother
S. Rohitha
I Feel Like...
Bhavya Dhamija

8 Grandmother
Sangeeta Mishra

17 Experience
Dream
Krithika Raghavan

25 Apply Your Brain
Syed Insha Pervez

30 Winter
Nishikant Nayak

32 Childhood...
Anurag Advani

42 The Treasure
Komal Arora
God's Pure Words
Khushi Suneja

45 When...
Sumna Sadaqat
The Face
Zoha Sadaqat

FEATURES

4 The King And The Monk
Sunita Sinha
BOOK TALK

5 My Responsibilities Towards My Country
Priyanka Rana

13 A Tear Drop
Diksha Suri

18 Rhythm Divine
Leuuba Chopraa

30 God
Nishikant Nayak

37 Shopping Therapy
Jasvinder Sharma

39 Andha Yug
Geeta Menon
A REPORT

46 "Stay Hungry! Stay Foolish!"
Geeta Menon
FOCUS

It has come to our notice that the story 'Counting Chicks' by D. Tejaswini awarded Pat on the Back! in the Your Pages November 2011 issue was copied from another magazine. We deeply regret the same. Her prize has been withdrawn.

Editor

AND MUCH MORE

9 Spot The Differences
Click For Fun
ACTIVITY

10 Junior Word Hunt
Geeta Menon
ACTIVITY

16 Puzzles And Riddles
G.S. Sunayana Sri

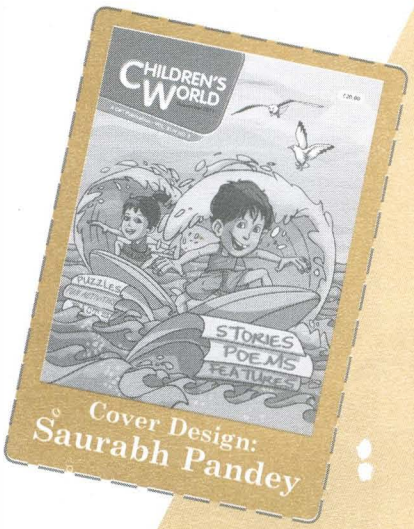
31 One Line Says It All
CAPTION WRITING CONTEST

40 Our Page

41 Facts
Anoopam Mishra

43 Word Hunt
ACTIVITY

47 The Month That Was
Geeta Menon
NEWS UPDATE



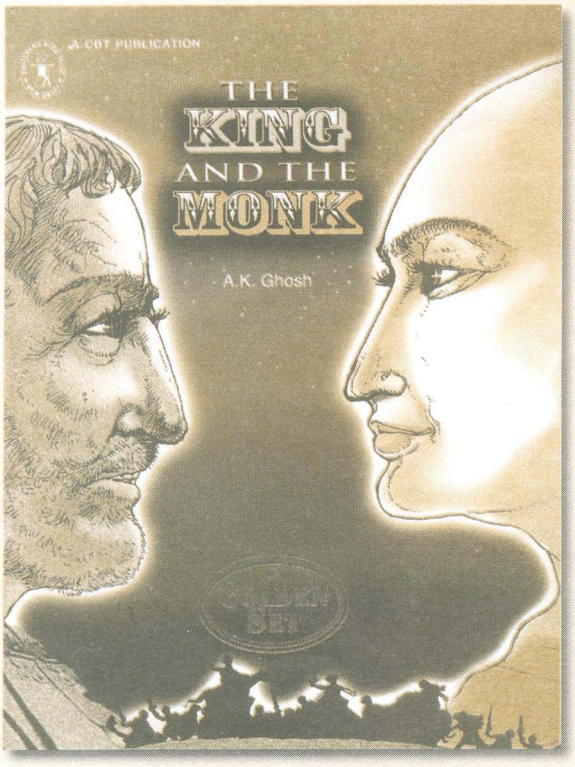
Cover Design:
Saurabh Pandey

THE KING AND THE MONK

A.K. Ghosh

BOOK TALK

SET IN the historical background of the second century B.C., at a time when the Mauryan kings and the Bactrian Greeks believed bloodshed was no crime and to expand their empire their sole duty, the book *The King and the Monk* by A.K. Ghosh, brings in a breath of fresh air as it unravels the story of King Menander's inner transformation following his defeat at the hands of Pushyamitra. Shattered, the king sits, sans any hope, when the Buddhist Sangha rescues his failing spirit, instilling in him a fresh lease of life. This is what forms the central theme of the book. The pensive monk Nagasena's sincere efforts to make the ambitious king give up bloodshed and opt for peace instead triumphs ultimately with the other indispensable characters playing their role to enliven the drama.



From the unusual title that highlights two extreme social stratas, you might well think the book would perhaps be heavy, historical stuff. But as you get involved in the reading, you realize the writer is a master storyteller who, with his choice of the simplest of words, has beautifully rendered deep philopsophy. Also, the book has all the elements of a racy fiction alongwith mind-boggling suspense that compells you to be glued to it till you read the last page.

As a bonus the book has deftly woven within its storyline, a vivid description of the socio-political-religious and economic scenario that additionally offers its readers a historical trip as the story unfolds.

The twist in the tale is the vocally ambitious Menander turning into a compassionate Buddhist monk, striking a soothing chord in the reader's mind. Nagasena's undisturbed calm and composure while initiating the dialogue with Menander is the element which lends the book its deserving charisma.

The book endows the reader with a personal choice between war and peace with Menander no doubt serving as a role model.

The book is informative and pictorially delightful as each turn of the page provides a great visual insight of the life and times.

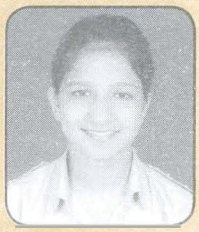
So go ahead, grab a copy of the book and find out for yourself what made the mighty Emperor Menander give up his royal title and call himself 'Milinda'—the humble bee who sings the hymns of the Great One!⌘

Sunita Sinha
A CBT Publication

Nagasena disarmed Roussos and persuaded him to depart. He left Menander to his thoughts.

Much later Nagasena went up to the king and put his hand on his head.

The King was overcome with emotion. He shook with sobs as he clung to the monk and said, "Pardon me, Holy Sir. I was proud and arrogant. You have opened my eyes."



Priyanka Rana (14)
Navy Children School
Mumbai
Illustration: Ankur Mitra

WELL DONE!

My Responsibilities Towards My Country

"MAN BY nature is a social animal," said Aristotle. A person who feels no need of a society is either a god or a beast.

As responsible members of the society, we have some duties to perform. The central message of the Gita is, "Action is Duty." Action may not always bring happiness but there is no happiness without action.

Action should not merely aim at the achievement of one's own selfish ends but should promote social unity and give happiness.

I as an ideal student and citizen should take care of my duties and responsibilities and perform them earnestly.

I should study well and take an active interest in sports. I should be courteous, obedient, loyal, patriotic and cultured. I should be free of all pride and selfishness and should not behave in a vain and haughty manner. I should inculcate the spirit of social service and be forever ready to help the poor and the needy and strive to make others happy. I should believe in simple living and high thinking.

I should always be proud of my nationality and utilize my talents and capabilities for the progress of my country.

I should educate people to cast their vote and be careful so as not to look down upon minority groups.

I should never travel without a ticket, be law-abiding and eco-friendly. I should bring honour to my country, be virtuous and full of the spirit of love and kindness. I should smother the air of superstition by sharing my scientific knowledge and by spreading awareness. I should be bold enough to fight the evils of the dowry system and fight tooth and nail against child marriage, female infanticide, female exploitation and bride burning. I should lead a society and not let its values be lost. I should be able to stand up, speak up, raise my voice, spread the word, take action and make a difference.

I will be informed and enlightened and will fulfil all my responsibilities. I'll be an active citizen and tell others to be so. And soon India will emerge as the next Superpower. Jai Hind!⌘

Priyanka Rana (14)
Illustration: Ankur Mitra

Friends are the best part of our life
Without them I doubt if we'll survive,
So many tears for one little fight
So many calls on one birthday night,
So many hands on one lunch box
They are the ones who never tire
Of our silly talks,
Life with them simply rocks!
Together we sing, play, have fun
And do freaky stuff,
Sometimes indulging in fights
And things becoming rough,
Sometimes because of them
We may get stuck in a mess,
But we love them dearly nevertheless.
Friends make life worth living
And teach us sharing, caring and giving,
They are the biggest treasure
That give us so much of pleasure,
How much we love them
We simply can't measure.
Our friends believe in our dreams
No matter how silly they seem,
It is amazing how
By just looking into our eyes
They understand what we want to say,
And know exactly
What we want to convey,
Oh! how much we miss them
When they are away.
In these uncertain years of teenage rush
They are the most precious things to us,
The sweet times we spend together
Will be cherished forever and ever!

WELL DONE!

Brother

S. Rohitha (14)
Johnson Grammar School (ICSE)
Hyderabad
Illustration: Sanjay Sarkar

Great relation in the world,
Everlasting,
Never forgotten,
Never ever broken by
Nearest and dearest,
Fighting, sharing and rocking
With him the whole day,
Cry when he doesn't talk
And laugh when he teases,
Happiest when he is beside me
I love you, my brother,
Never leave me alone ever.

PAT ON THE BACK!

I Feel like...

Bhavya Dhamija (10)
Sneh International School, Delhi

I feel like...
I feel like touching the sky,
Though I know it is very high.

I feel like reaching the stars,
I feel like visiting Mars.

I feel like I could fly,
High up in the sky.

I feel like dancing in the air
And pointing at my house from there...

PAT ON THE BACK!

GRANDMOTHER

Sangeeta Mishra (11)
Hamdard Public School, Delhi
Illustration: Saurabh Pandey

My grandmother is a peaceful person,
And she loves to sit.
But there never was a grandma who
Was such a one to knit.

Scarves, caps, suits, socks
Her needles tick like fifty clocks
But not for you and not for me.
What makes her knit so busily?

All summer the wasps toil tirelessly
To earn their daily dinner,
Their black and yellow jerseys getting
Shabbier and thinner.

Grandma knows just how a wasp grows
Weary of its one set of clothes,
She knits flowered skirts and speckled pants
Now they can go to a beach or a dance.

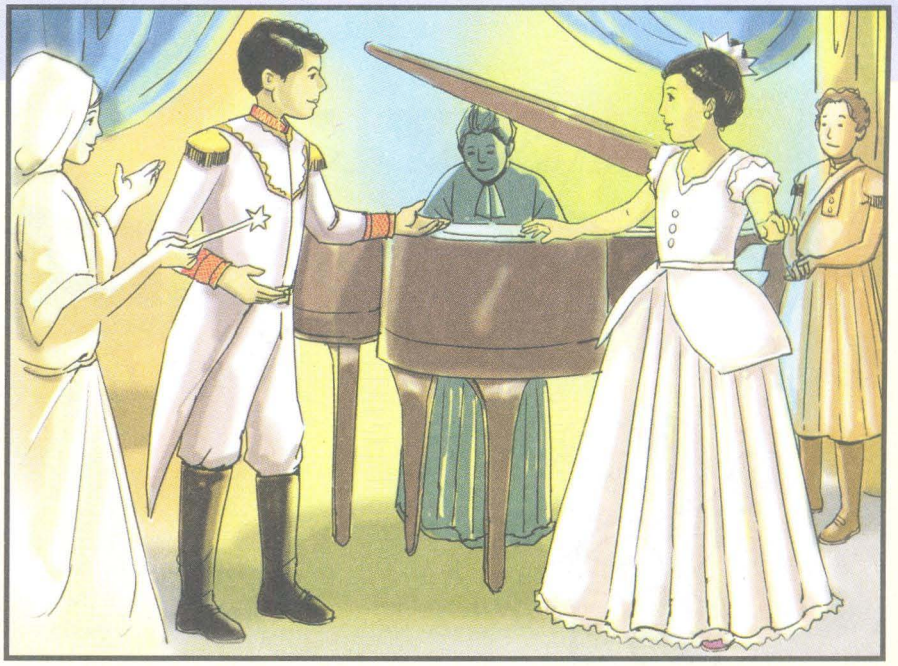
Under the ice the gold fish hear
December blizzards beating.
They have no fire at all down there,
No rooms with central heating.

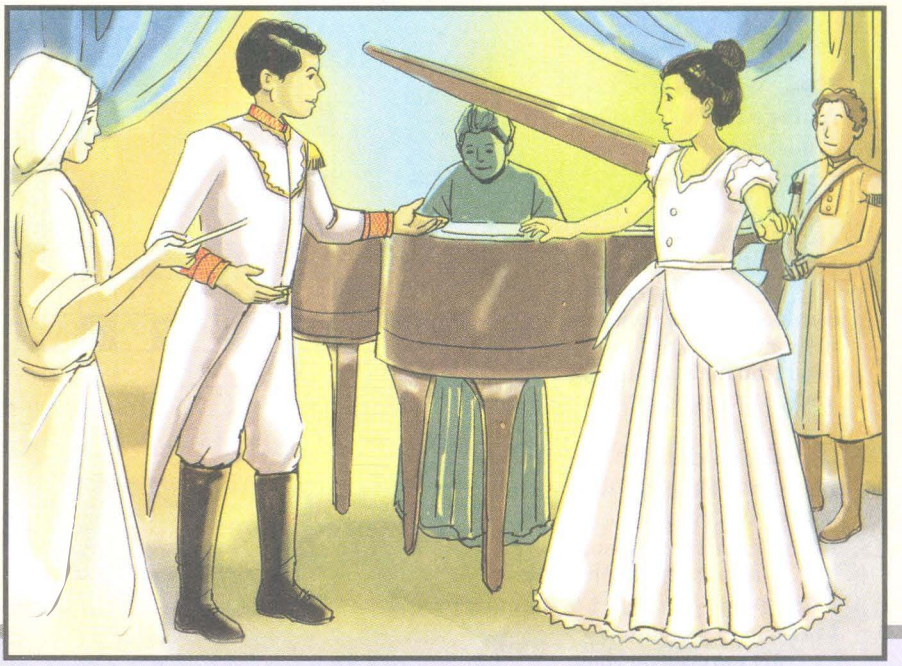
When snowy winds are slicing in
Through all cranies
The shrubs and birds
In our neighbour's garden
Envy those in my granny's.
Her shrubs have scarves and pullovers,
Her birds have earmuffs over their ears.
As do the cats who come asking for
"Tidbits please!"

A frosty octopus received a stout
Eight-fingered mitten.
And a camel whose hump
Tended to get frost-bitten.
Has a tea cosy now with tassels on it!
A grass snake has socks with a bonnet.
We folks can buy clothes
At some shop or another.
But the creatures depend on
My lovely dear grandmother!

SPOT THE DIFFERENCES

Brace yourself for this visual activity. Can you tell how the two pictures are different? Give yourself five minutes to spot at least 10 differences. More than that and you shall be crowned the winner. Mark the differences on the picture itself. Do not write on a separate sheet of paper. Your time starts now!





Winner of September 2011

Mimansa (13)
Kendriya Vidyalaya
INA, New Delhi

Photograph sent by Akshay Sehgal (9)

I captured this picture when I found the national bird sitting on the wall of my neighbour's house having lost its way.

Click for Fun

Have you seen something lately that you wish to share with us? An interesting banner, an amusing poster, a comical hoarding or some seriously hilarious roadside news or happening?

Well...if you have the observation we have the space! All you need to do is click a picture of your 'object of amusement' and mail it to us with a brief description about where you found it, pronto! And we'll do the rest. Don't forget to write your name, age and postal address.

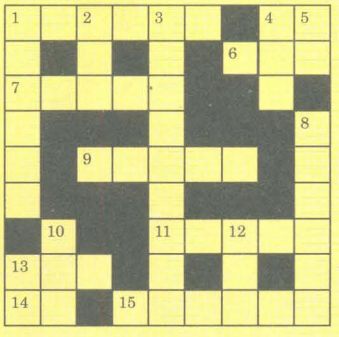
Your address for communication remains the same: cwmagazine.nd@gmail.com

JUNIOR WORD HUNT

for 6-8 years

Geeta Menon

Fill in this crossword and send it to us on or before **December 26, 2011.** THREE all-correct entries will get attractive prizes. So what are you waiting for? Get cracking!
(Xerox copies and faxed entries will not be considered.)



Across:

1. A king's son (6)
4. The name of my pet is Raghu. ____ is an elephant calf. (2)
6. I _____ the ball for a six. (3)
7. A _____ printer is a common type of computer printer that rapidly produces high quality text and graphics on plain paper. (5)
9. Opposite of winner (5)
11. I love to eat the red fleshy part of the water_____. (5)
13. In this cake competition, _____ is no bar. Anybody can participate. (3)
14. I presented a bouquet ____ my parents on their anniversary. (2)
15. When the earthquake struck in the midnight, I was fast _____. (6)

Down:

1. Everyday I see the same traffic _____man controlling the traffic near the crossing. (6)
2. Indian Administrative Services, abbreviation (3)
3. I eagerly await the arrival of Santa Claus on _____ every year. (9)
4. My brother has many pets. _____ pets include earthworms, beetles, grass-hoppers and chameleons. (3)
5. Extra Terrestrial, abbreviation (2)
8. Susan had planned to _____ Tuffy, but my pet dog bit her and ran away, take away by force (6)
10. When I came to Delhi ten years _____, there was no Delhi Metro then. (3)
12. My mother can always catch my _____, untruth (3)
13. ____ the crack of dawn, the cock crowed. (2)

Turn to page 44 for the names of three prizewinners of Junior Word Hunt (September 2011). Look out for prizewinners of Junior Word Hunt (October 2011) in the next issue. Keep your 'toes' crossed till then!

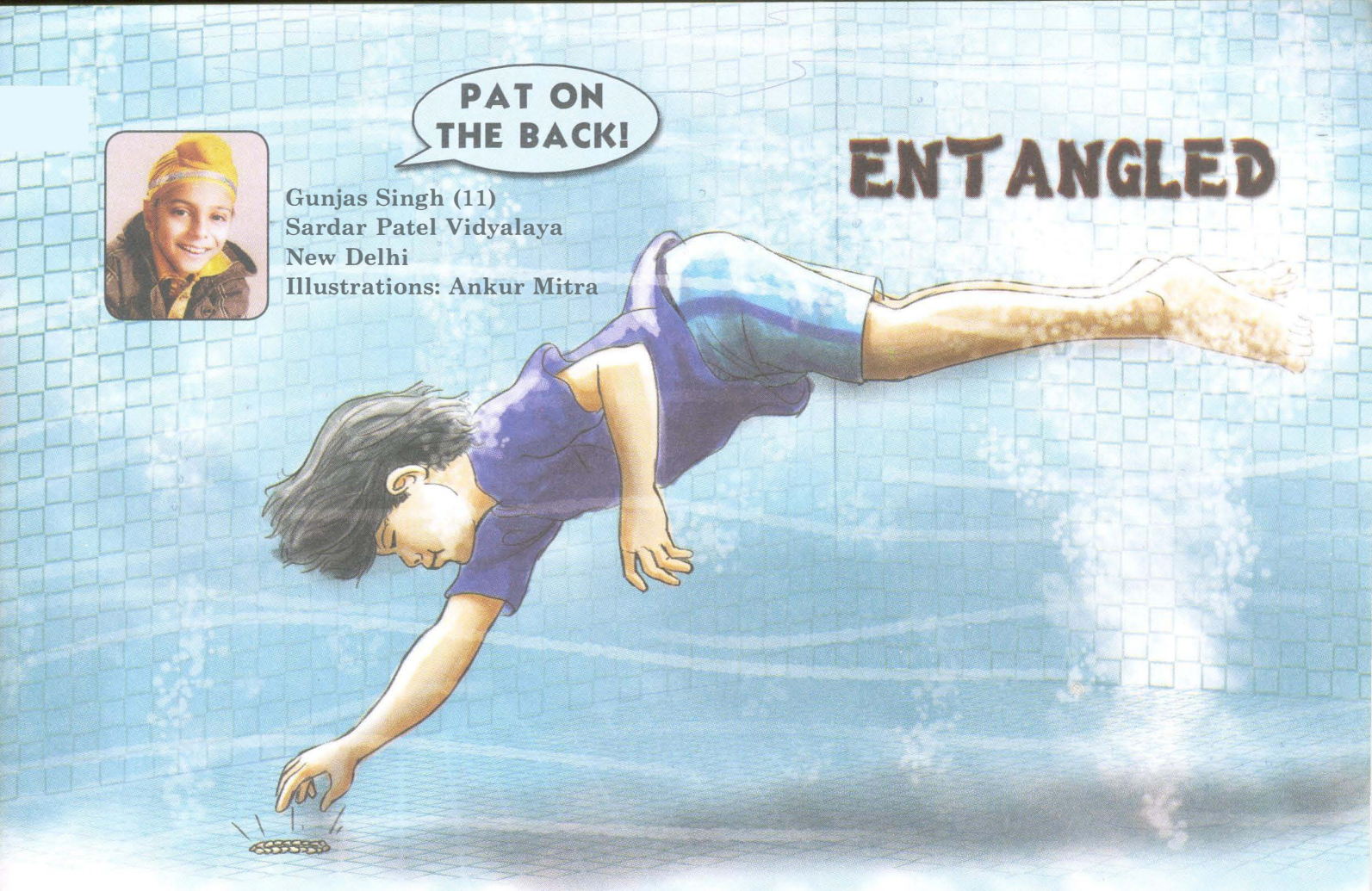
(PLEASE FILL IN CAPITAL LETTERS. MAKE SURE YOU WRITE THE COMPLETE ADDRESS OF BOTH YOUR RESIDENCE AND SCHOOL TO ENABLE US TO SEND YOUR PRIZES.)

NAME.....AGE..... BOY/GIRL..... CLASS.....
ADDRESS.....
.....TEL.....
SCHOOL.....

PAT ON THE BACK!

Gunjas Singh (11)
Sardar Patel Vidyalaya
New Delhi
Illustrations: Ankur Mitra

ENTANGLED



WE HAD planned to spend our vacations in the woods and reserved a cottage in the resort there. By the time we reached the resort, it was dusk. We could hear strange sounds. My brother and I were a little scared. We were escorted to our cottage.

My father went to the reception, paid the money and joined us. As he began to change his clothes, he was startled, when he found his bracelet was missing. We searched for it all over the place but could not find it. We were upset on the loss of his gold bracelet but somehow came to terms with the loss so that we all might not loose our golden opportunity to explore the woods.

Next evening, while swimming, Ganeev (my brother) found the bracelet lying in the swimming pool. As he was about to touch it, it simply vanished! He screamed "Aaaagh!" and rushed towards us.

An old person after learning what had happened, tried to convince us that it must be just an illusion.

But we kept on thinking 'How could a bracelet disappear from the swimming pool without anyone having touched it? Was someone trying to trouble us?'

While coming out of the pool I saw a hand like thing just above my brother's head. My heart pounded and I smashed it! Then I heard a splash "Chapak! chapak!" in the pool from which we concluded that someone was really behind my brother, doing some mischief. I had noticed that the hand like object did not have any shadow and I was suddenly reminded that the objects without shadows are usually ghosts.

My father found a wallet similar to his lying on the floor. 'How come my wallet is here?' he thought. He checked his pocket and found someone else's wallet lying in his pocket. "How on earth could it happen?" he exclaimed.

We wanted to leave the

haunted place immediately. Papa went to see the manager. On listening to the incidents that had happened he laughed and said that we must have watched a horror movie.

At last we decided to leave. We were courageous enough to decide to move to the nearby hill station to spend our holidays. I thought, 'Now it won't be possible to enjoy the holidays any more.' We packed our bags. My mother went out to instruct persons carrying our baggage.

Three of us heard some voices coming from behind the curtains. Suddenly the lights went off. The sound of spiders could be heard. Papa quickly turned on the lights. We saw witches walking towards us. They were carrying knives with bloodstains on them in their hands. One of them turned and aimed at a lizard with its knife and it seemed as if it would be killed in the first go. Blood appeared on the knife, but I saw the lizard escape unharmed. 'How could blood appear without hurting the animal?' I took out my mini blade and struck the woman with it. Papa rushed to our rescue. But the ladies kept on walking towards us. They started melting. Some spiders could also be seen. My father recognized the poisonous black widow spiders and screamed "Run". We all ran for our lives.

At the gate... was... a lady. We all pushed her down and tumbled into the taxi waiting for us. I saw that the lady's knife flew and stabbed her into her chest.

We could make out a little bit of the entangled plot. This was the handiwork of some dangerous and expert scientists and engineers. Soon we learnt about it in the next day's newspaper.

The investigating team hunted out a gang of terrorists who had hired a scientist, a craftsperson as well as an engineer. They had invented an invisible paint which could be seen only when water was poured on it. The invisible paint was put on a robot's hand which was used to scare the guests. The hand behind Ganeev could be seen because it had just come out of the swimming pool.

They had made ladies of wax which were hollow from inside and some robotic spiders present were moving them to and fro. When the light was turned on, the special kind of wax had started to melt. The knives in the ladies' hands had a mini tube in them which contained red paint. Whenever it touched something, the red paint appeared on its outer side. The robots were being operated from the cleaner's room of the resort.

The newspaper also revealed that the investigation team had spotted a lady from the gang lying stabbed in the forest and thus set out to dig out the real picture. The gang of terrorists wanted to scare the guests forcing the owner to sell the place to the terrorists who could carry out their work where even the police would not go thinking it as a haunted place.⌘

PAT ON THE BACK!

Diksha Suri (11)
Apeejay School, Noida
Illustration: Saurabh Pandey

A TEAR DROP

CAN YOU tell me which liquid is the most valuable in the world? Come on, jog your brains a little to think it out.

Well, curious to know the answer? It's a tear, because it is full of human emotions and feelings.

It is priceless as other liquids cannot give out feelings as much as a tear can. It can tell whether you are in pain, are upset, or happy. It can even tell when you are angry! However, this priceless treasure can run out if you cry too much.

You should save them for the memorable moments of your life.

Usually, it is the girls who exhibit their every emotion through tears, boys seldom do such things. They shed tears only when the situation is extreme and demands it. Maybe they save them for the tough times ahead.

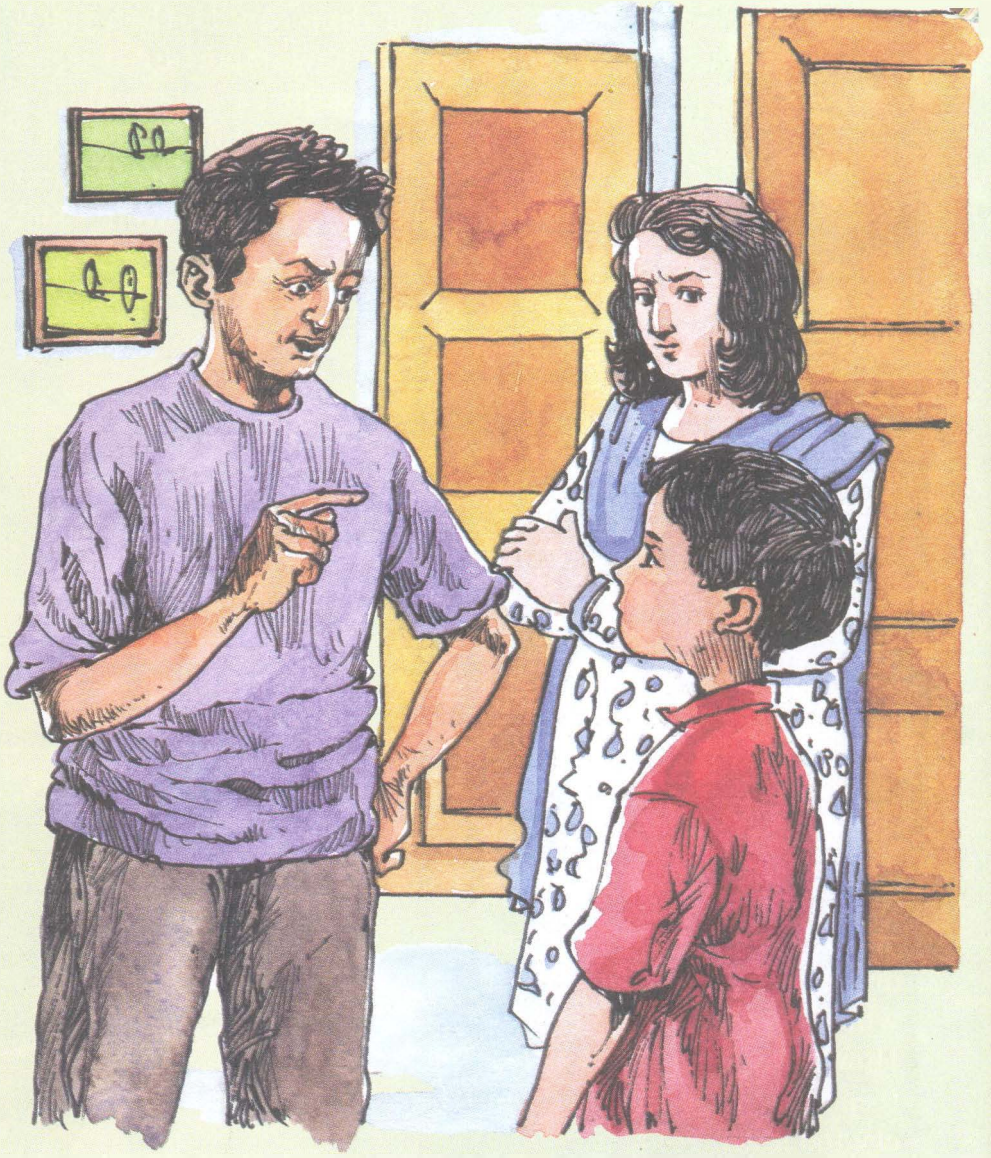
There are other liquids that are as important but they cannot express what a small tear drop can.

Friends, if you just understand what a small tear drop can do, then you'll know how important it is.

Folks, just a last few things I would love to say. If water is our life then what is a drop of tear in our life? Well, I feel it is a worthy helper and deserves to be placed above water and we should not waste it on trivialities but save it for a later day when we need it most.⌘

The Fruition

Vanisree
Illustrations: Sanjay Sarkar



ELEVEN-YEAR-old Raghu had not done well in his Class V exams. He was the least bothered about the unit tests and believed in last minute cramming. So obviously, he couldn't fare well. It was a wake-up call for his parents.

Raghu was constantly warned by his parents to pay heed to his studies but he had always turned a deaf ear to their advice. He was forever busy either playing with his friends in the park or playing computer games when at home.

Raghu was from a well-to-do family with his father being well placed in his profession and his mother quite well educated.

No amount of warnings or scoldings or even coaxing by either of his parents had any effect on him. He just did not feel like studying.

Whenever any friends or relatives broached the topic, "So what is your aim in life? Do you want to become a doctor, an engineer or a civil servant?" Raghu felt jittery. He just didn't like that topic at all.

All he liked to do was to play with children of his relatives, kids of his own age group who, besides playing, were doing well in their studies and aspiring to become successful engineers, civil servants, pilots or pursuing a course in MBA from a renowned institution. Raghu had not set himself a goal as he felt he was too young to do so. He would rather enjoy for he had not yet even entered his teens.

A month had already passed into the new class. The vacations were about to begin and it was time for a parent-teachers' meeting. Raghu was prepared for a sermon from both his class teacher as well as his parents. Time and again he had been told to pull his socks up but what could he do? Studies just did not interest him.

One night, sick and tired of Raghu's imperviousness, his father decided to take the bull by the horns. He announced his decision that he would send Raghu to

a boarding school.

"I have decided that this is what would be the best for you and your future," he told him bluntly. "The first term examinations would be held a fortnight after your school reopens and I want you to be among the top ten students in the class. While I don't see that happening after attending your PTA meeting today and feel only a boarding school will make you learn, yet I would like to be hopeful."

Then he continued sarcastically, "See, what impression you have created on your new teachers. None of them seemed to have anything nice to say about your academic performance." After a brief pause he added, "It is high time you got serious about your studies. After all, you must have an aim in life."

Raghu glanced at his mother who too seemed to be upset. So far she had always come to his rescue, but this time she appeared to be in agreement with his father.

Raghu felt a bit shaky. He initially threw tantrums saying he would not be able to stay there without them or his friends, but when he saw no signs of mellowing down on the part of his father and his mother not interceding on his behalf, he started weeping.

Raghu wanted the topic of boarding school to be closed. Slowly he began to plead with his father not to be so harsh on him. He promised his parents that he would try to reform himself and henceforth he would show better results. He looked imploringly at his mother as though asking her to convince his father. It was then that her motherly affection seemingly burst out and she managed to convince his father to pend his decision till the first term examination results were out. His father relented and a relieved Raghu wiped his tears.

The holidays had started and as the days rolled by, there was not much of a change that could be seen in Raghu's ways. With just a week left for the school to reopen, Raghu and his family were invited to a friend's birthday party in Kamla Nagar. They decided to buy the gift from there itself, as it was one of the best shopping centres in Delhi.

The next morning Raghu dutifully sat down to study much to his parents' surprise. His father left for his office thinking he was only shamming. He decided not to be fooled as he had almost made up his mind to send him to Sherwood College in Nainital, Uttarakhand.

Sherwood College was the most obvious choice for Raghu's father as his sister lived in Dehradun and it would be easier for Raghu to cope with his homesickness. It also gave him the additional thrill that his son would be educated from the same school as the iconic hero Amitabh Bachchan who was an alumnus of the same school.

Raghu's admission was based on his performance in the written test, followed by an interview with him along with his parents. His father was having sleepless nights thinking about how to gear up Raghu for the test.

Meanwhile, Raghu had suddenly transformed into an eager beaver as far as his holidays homework or his studies were concerned.

Soon the school reopened and the classes began. As the first-term examinations neared, Raghu gave his all and surprised everyone with the top rank in his class.

When he reached home with the report card his mother smothered him with kisses on his forehead. In the evening his father came home with a chocolate for him. Over the dining table his father remarked, "My decision to send you to the boarding school seems to have done wonders for you."

Raghu picked up courage to deny that it wasn't the fear of going to a boarding school that had caused the transformation in him. He

then recounted their visit to Kamla Nagar. He said that while his parents were busy selecting a gift for his friend, just close to the entrance of the shop, he had spotted a girl sitting on the pavement with a weig
front of her. Her mother had a small baby in her lap. The girl was around his own age and was trying to study from her notes.

Suddenly her mother who was seated next to her shouted at her to weigh the boy who had just come there. She did so, took the money and immediately turned back to her notes again. From her behaviour it seemed to him that she enjoyed what she was doing.

Raghu had observed that the girl appeared to be oblivious to the noise around the shopping complex and was completely immersed in her learning activity.

Within the next few minutes he saw that all of a sudden a constable came there and, brandishing a stick, simply drove them away.

He wondered as to how she could manage to keep her interest alive in studies in such kind of environment with so much of disturbance around.

He had felt ashamed of himself. He had a comfortable home yet he was not able to do his bit. At that very moment he decided he would give his best to his studies.

As Raghu recounted the experience, his parents exchanged admiring glances. Their son sounded like a grown-up boy now.

His father was filled with gratitude for the girl who had unknowingly helped Raghu turn a new leaf.

He gave up the idea of sending his son to boarding school but decided to contribute monthly a token amount of his salary to an organisation taking care of such destitute children.⌘

Experience

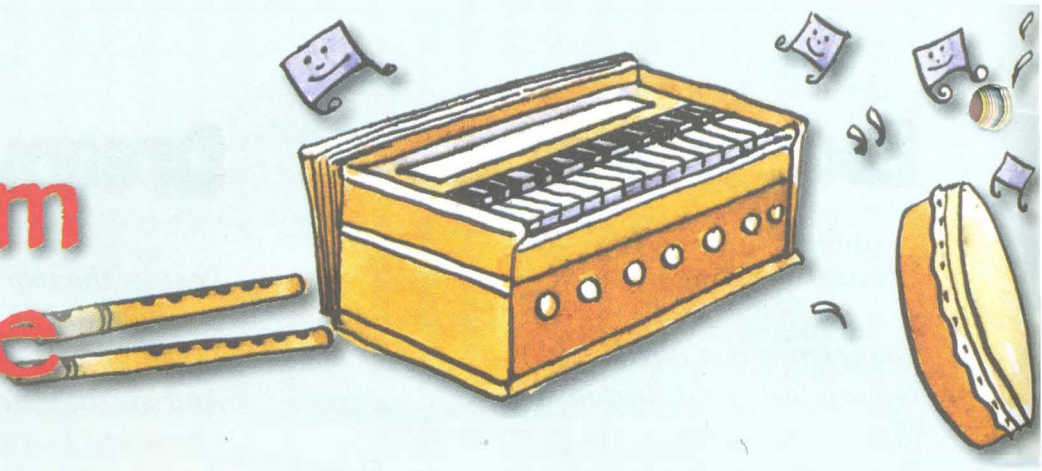
Krithika Raghavan (13)
Illustration: Sanjay Sarkar

Experience is a hard teacher,
Giving tests first, lessons after,
With every lesson, with every preacher,
We learn to strive with an air of laughter.
Some things must only be taught,
Some things must only be voiced,
Only few answers are to be sought,
Only few victories are to be rejoiced.
Every bridge needs a builder,
Every profession needs a teacher,
Every answer needs a seeker,
Every competition needs a winner,
Just as every person needs friends,
Every person needs experience too!

Dream

Lost in the world with no dreams
Is living not in this world,
Like the grumbles that group and team
And spiral everywhere all curled,
Shedding tears over shadows of past,
And dreaming of things yet to happen.
But dream you must for you to last
And not only to dwell in that den
With the most heeded lesson 'try again'.
Must we sail with care in this life
Against anger and waves and danger
Must we refrain?
Else, if you are stuck amdist strife
Then shine alive, like the sun
Awakening to reality
From a daylight dream.

Rhythm Divine



Leuuba Chopraa
Illustrations: Sanjay Sarkar

RHYTHM IS what defines our lives. Music illuminates our souls.

Life without music is like a rose without petals.

Music is a form of art. It is an organization of sounds which most often implies sounds with different pitches that are arranged into melodies and organized into patterns of rhythm. The melody is always in a certain key or mode and it usually suggests harmony.

The creation, performance, significance and definition of music varies according to culture and social boundaries. In day-to-day life music is usually used for social purposes such as in worship, for communication and for entertainment.

The study of music is called musicology. In the 19th century this study was taken up by amateurs. As interest in classical music grew, greater professionalism was required.

The best modern performers continue to use the tools musicology puts at their disposal. In the recent decades music theory has again become a separate specialization.

Initially, music started with a few notes called Octaves. These are the intervals between two musical pitches and form the basis for all songs. In Indian classical music these notes go as:

Sa-re-ga-ma-pa-dha-ni-sa...

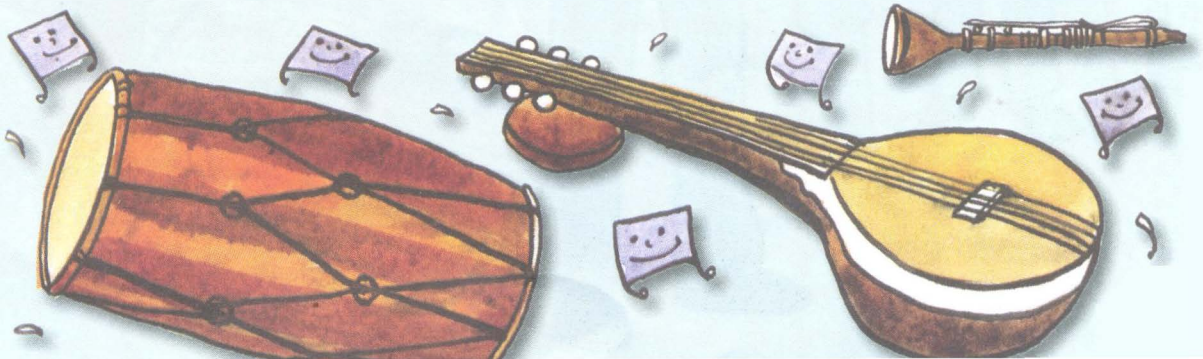
The synonymous Western classical notes are:

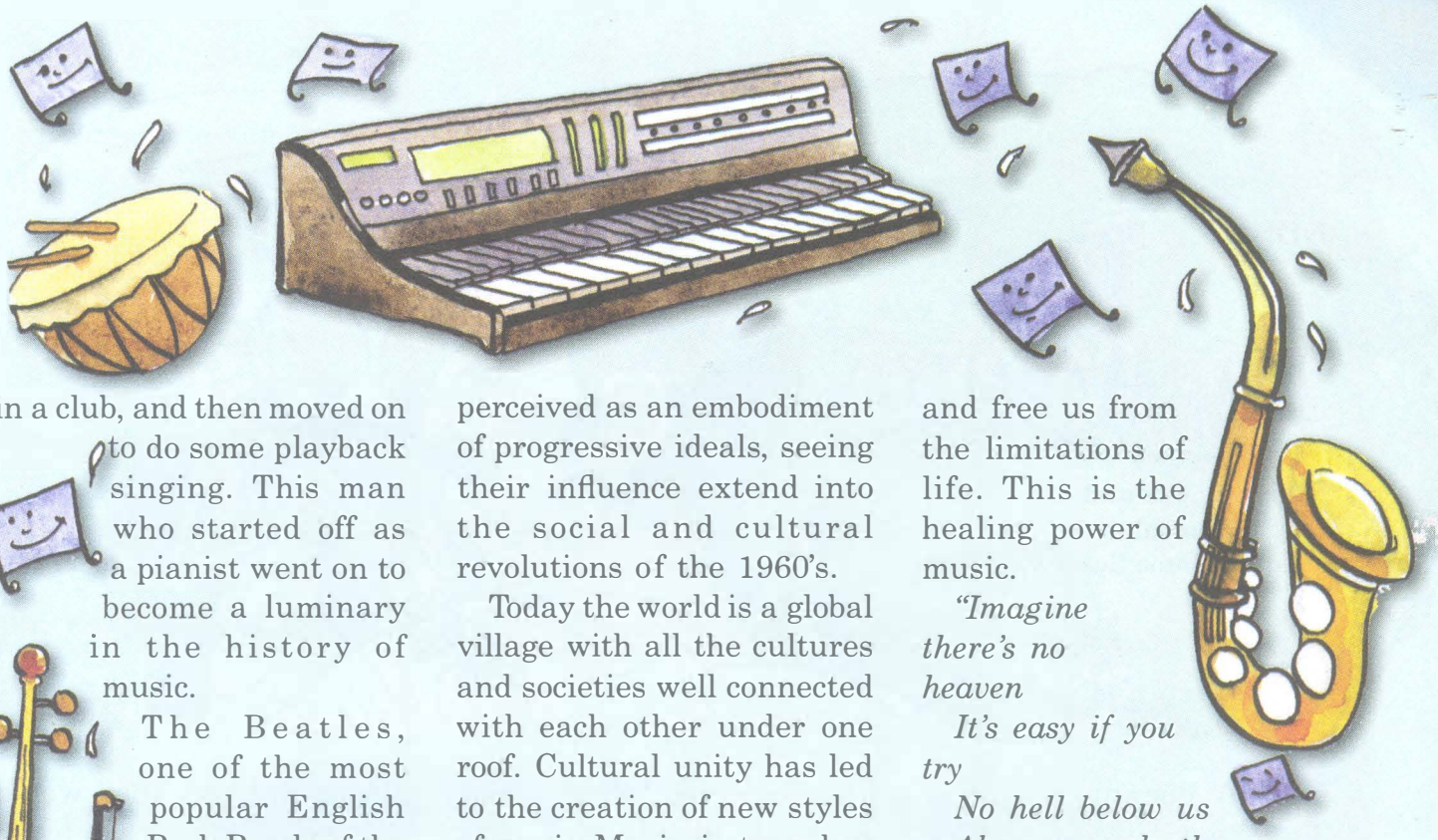
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do...

This is how the concept of music began with lyrics coming in later on.

A musician is a person who writes, performs or creates music. Sometimes musicians are also called creative addicts. Musicians can have different roles in creating or performing music. There can be instrumentalists, composers, singers, song-writers, arrangers and recording artists.

Going through the biographies of various artists we notice that music has taken people places. The singing legend, Sir Elton John, started his career by writing songs for certain groups, as a pianist





in a club, and then moved on to do some playback singing. This man who started off as a pianist went on to become a luminary in the history of music.

The Beatles, one of the most popular English Rock Bands of the 20th century, was formed in 1960 in Liverpool by a group of young boys who were passionate about their interests. John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr were the four men who made The Beatles the most commercially successful group of the country. Due to their extraordinary music, they came to be perceived as an embodiment of progressive ideals, seeing their influence extend into the social and cultural revolutions of the 1960's.

Today the world is a global village with all the cultures and societies well connected with each other under one roof. Cultural unity has led to the creation of new styles of music. Music, in turn, has evolved over the years!

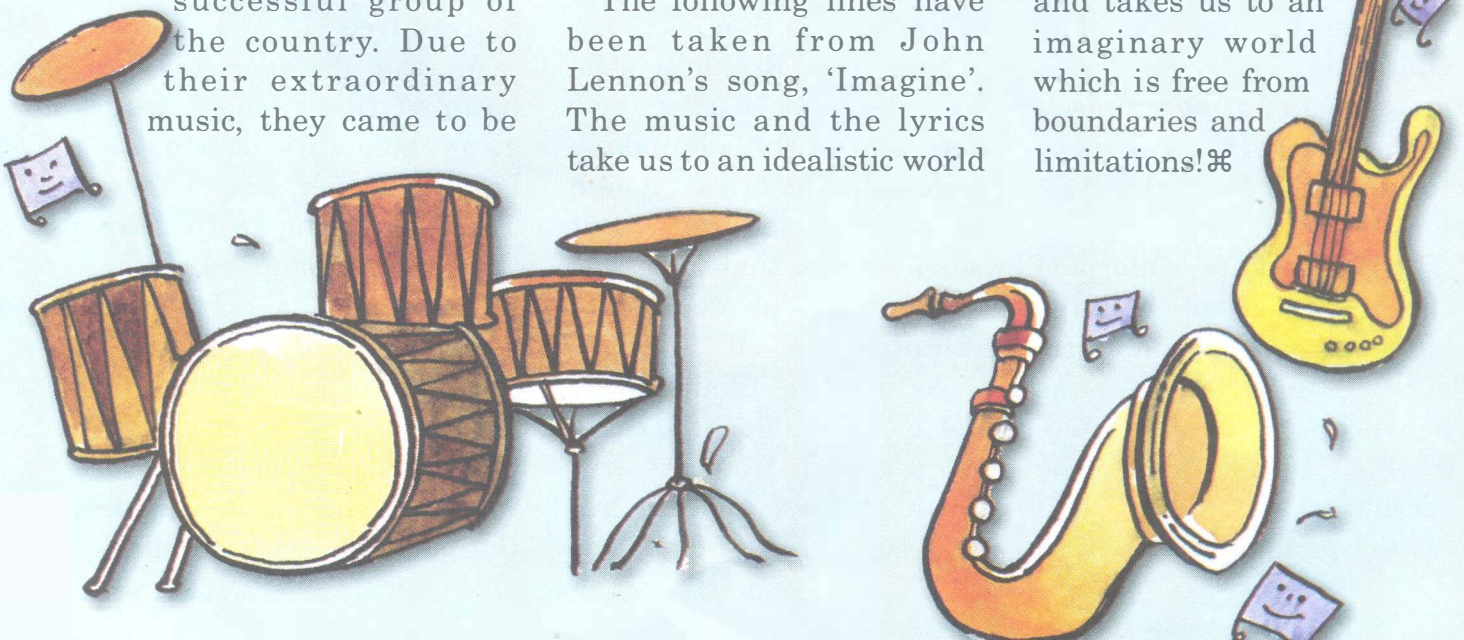
Songs and singing which initially started in the bathroom gained great importance at the centre stage.

The World of Music Awards, The Grammy Awards, The American Music Awards and The Indian Music Academy Awards among others have honoured great musicians.

The following lines have been taken from John Lennon's song, 'Imagine'. The music and the lyrics take us to an idealistic world and free us from the limitations of life. This is the healing power of music.

"Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only the sky.
Imagine all the people
Living for today
Imagine there are
No countries
Nothing to kill
Or die for..."

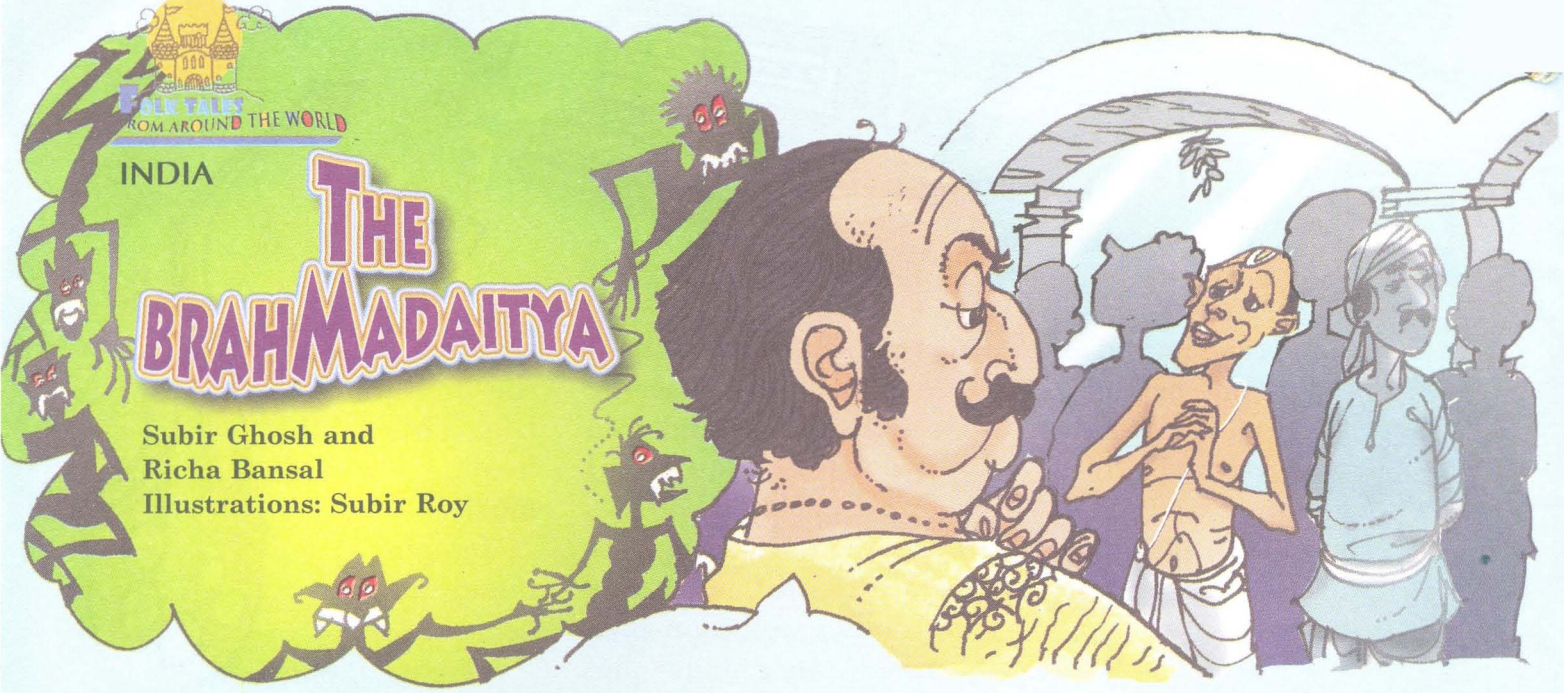
At every stage, in this beautiful journey called life, music soothes our souls, seeps into our sub-conscious mind and takes us to an imaginary world which is free from boundaries and limitations!⌘



INDIA

THE BRAHMADAITYA

Subir Ghosh and
Richa Bansal
Illustrations: Subir Roy



IN A distant village of Bengal lived a poor Brahmin and his wife. Both begged from house to house and somehow managed one square meal a day. Days passed, then years and one day their village had a new zamindar (landowner). The Brahmin thought of paying court to the new zamindar and asking him for a boon. The next day, dressed in the only good dhoti he had, the Brahmin set out for the zamindar's mansion. The zamindar, however, was busy acquainting himself with affairs of the village so the Brahmin decided to wait for him to be free.

The servants informed the zamindar of a large banyan tree on the outskirts of the village that was believed to be haunted. A few brave men, the servants told him, had ventured to go close, but none had returned alive. They were all found dead near the banyan tree, their necks wrung grotesquely. Since then, the area around the tree was always deserted at night. Only some shepherds grazed their cattle around that place during the day.

When the zamindar heard this he was a trifle worried. He announced a reward of a hundred *bighas* of rent-free land for anyone who dared to go there after dusk and bring back to him a branch of the banyan tree.

Now the Brahmin who was seated closeby was sure one of the zamindar's men would be brave enough to perform the task. But when he saw that none was forthcoming, he decided to volunteer himself.

'As it is,' he thought, 'my life is miserable. If I could get a branch from the tree I can at least hope to live a better life. And if the ghosts kill me, they would only be ending my wretched existence,' he mused.

When he returned home and told his wife she was overcome with grief. "Please don't leave me," she pleaded, "my life will get worse if you are not around." The Brahmin, however, was unmoved.

The villagers, too, mocked and pitied him, but the Brahmin was a determined man. And so, an hour after sundown, he left for the banyan tree.

As the distance to the haunted tree reduced with every step, his heartbeats became louder and louder. Then shivering with fear the Brahmin stopped under a bakul tree, a few yards away from the haunted tree.

The bakul tree was inhabited by a Brahmadaitya (spirit). The Brahmadaitya was quite impressed with the poor, skinny Brahmin's

bravery at having made it so close to the banyan tree. He asked him, "O Brahmin, are you afraid? What do you want? I will help you."

The Brahmin gulped twice and managed to croak out a hoarse whisper, "O, blessed spirit, I have to take back a branch from the banyan tree for the zamindar. I am very poor, but if I do this the zamindar will give me hundred *bighas* of rent-free land. I am very frightened to go there. I will be grateful to you if you could help me."

"Come with me," the Brahmadaitya answered calmly. "I will take you to the banyan tree."

The Brahmin heaved a sigh of relief as he was aware of the powers of the Brahmadaitya. So with his head held high, he accompanied the spirit to the banyan tree and took out his saw. Just then more than a hundred ghosts sprang out from nowhere and rushed menacingly towards him. The Brahmadaitya intervened and asked the ghosts to allow the Brahmin to cut a branch.

Now the ghosts revered the Brahmadaitya because even though he too was a ghost, he was far superior to them. So, on hearing his commanding voice, the ghosts heeded his wish and even offered to cut the branch for him. And, before the Brahmin could even bat an eyelid, there was a huge branch lying in front of him! The Brahmin thanked the Brahmadaitya and ran to the zamindar's house.

The zamindar was surprised to see the branch. He said he would go to the banyan tree the next day to ascertain if the branch belonged to the tree.

Early next morning the zamindar, accompanied by his men, went to the tree. To their great amazement they found that the branch had actually been cut from the haunted tree.

The zamindar kept his promise and gave a hundred *bighas* of rent-free land to the poor, landless Brahmin.

The fields that came the Brahmin's way had paddy ready for harvest. Since the Brahmin knew little about harvesting and had no resources to go about it, he again rushed to the Brahmadaitya. "Rescue me, O Brahmadaitya! I need your help again."

"How can I help you?" the Brahmadaitya asked.

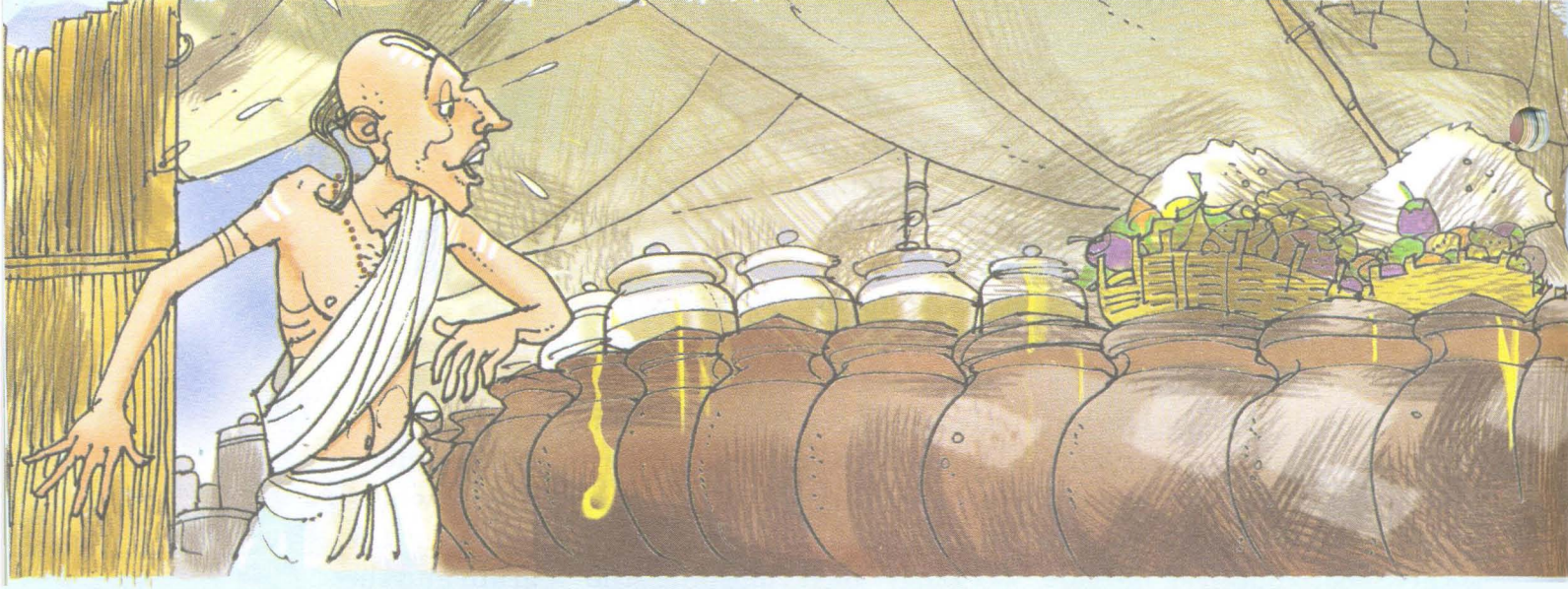
"The land I received is full of paddy, ready for harvest. I do not have the resources to cut it. Help me, else everything will be ruined!" the Brahmin pleaded.

"Do not worry, Brahmin," the Brahmadaitya assured him. "I will ensure that the paddy is not only cut, but the rice is thrashed and stored in granaries and the straw piled up. All you have to do is to get a hundred sickles and place them at the foot of the bakul tree at night. Also ready the place where you want the grain and the straw to be stored."

Being a poor man, the Brahmin, did not have many wealthy friends. He stood there wondering how to get a hundred sickles.

This problem was also solved by the Brahmadaitya. "You are a rich man now. Borrow the sickles from the villagers."

The Brahmin rushed back to his village and did as the Brahmadaitya had asked him to. He was pleasantly surprised when the villagers handed over



their sickles to him with a smile. He took these and placed them at the foot of the bakul tree at sunset.

He then prepared a piece of ground near his hut to store the paddy and the straw. All his chores done, he retired for the night.

Once the village was lost in deep slumber, the Brahmadaitya beckoned a hundred ghosts from the banyan tree and told them to cut and store paddy for the poor Brahmin. The ghosts were more than willing to help. Armed with the sickles, the ghosts took to the field. Before the sunrise, the paddy was cut, the grain separated from the straw and all stored neatly in the Brahmin's newly-built granary.

Next morning, the Brahmin and his wife were thrilled to see the good job done by the Brahmadaitya. The villagers were equally stunned at the miracle, and believed the Brahmin to have been blessed by the gods themselves.

A few days later, the Brahmin approached the kind Brahmadaitya once again. "O Brahmadaitya, can you help me once again? I wish to thank the gods for all the favours that they have bestowed on me. For this I have to feed a thousand Brahmins. I shall be eternally thankful to you if you could provide me with the material needed for such a big feast."

The Brahmadaitya was a very noble spirit. He said, "O Brahmin, your request shall be fulfilled. Just show me the place where I should store the provisions."

The Brahmin prepared a makeshift room to serve as a store room. And the day before the feast he was overjoyed to see the room filled chock-a-block with a hundred jars of pure ghee, massive mounds of flour, an amazing array of dry fruits and vegetables, about a hundred jars of sugar and an equal quantity of milk, curd, and all that was needed for a sumptuous feast.

The Brahmin then employed a hundred cooks to prepare the feast for the thousand Brahmins. The next day dawned bright and clear. The Brahmin and his wife were busy welcoming the unending stream of Brahmins. He himself remained hungry as he wanted to partake the feast with the Brahmadaitya who had helped him beyond measure. This wish remained unfulfilled as by befriending the Brahmin, the Brahmadaitya had completed his stay on the earth.

Soon Pushpak, the chariot of Kuber, the god of wealth, descended from the heavens to release the Brahmadaitya from his ghostly existence. The Brahmadaitya was ecstatic to find a celestial place.

The Brahmin too had his cup of life brimming over with joy and peace. He had many sons and daughters and he lived long, long enough to enjoy the company of his grandchildren.⌘

Two Sisters And A Doll

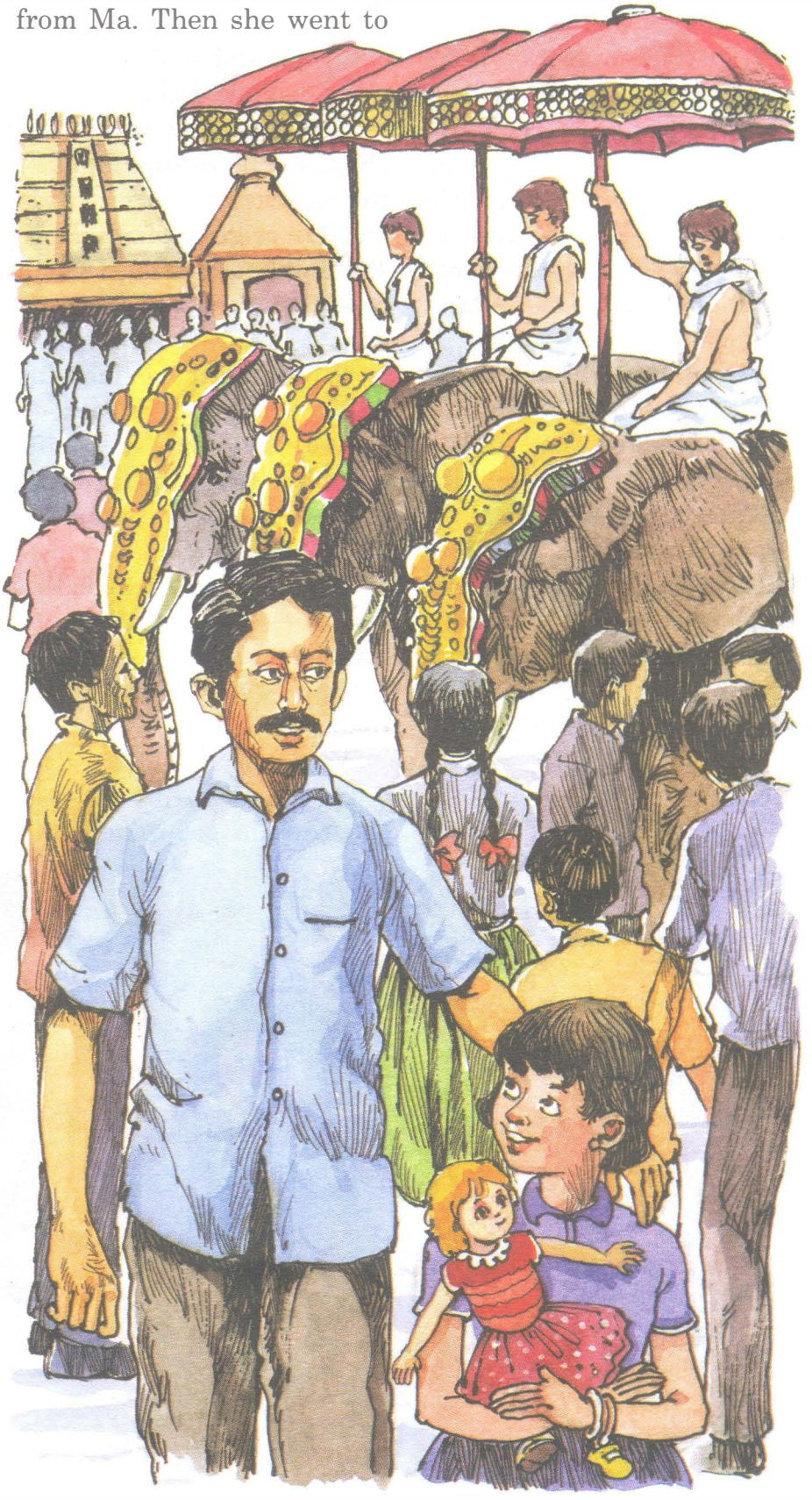
Priya Narayanan
Illustrations: Sanjay Sarkar

TARA HOPPED and skipped with joy. After an hour of persuasion during which she had tried all tricks known to her, Papa agreed to take her to the temple festival.

'Last year Papa was so eager to take us to the festival,' thought Tara ruefully. But then, as she was well aware, things were different this year. Eight-year-old Tara was energetic enough, but her sister Asha, who was a year younger to her, was down with viral fever and the doctor had advised her to stay in bed for at least another week.

Tara would not understand why it would be unfair if Papa and she went to the festival while Grandma and Ma stayed back to look after Asha. After all, she would come back and narrate everything to her. The thought that this might make the already morose Asha feel even worse, never even occurred to her.

As the sounds of drums and bells wafted in through the air, Tara felt restless. When Papa told her to get ready, she wore her favourite violet frock, with a little help from Ma. Then she went to Asha with a beaming face and said, "Don't worry, we will bring you a toy when we come back."



Asha nodded her head and smiled wanly. "Yes, yes, I want a doll," she said in a soft, hoarse voice.

It took Tara and Papa about ten minutes to walk up to the temple grounds where the elephants were being paraded with their golden adornments and colourful parasols. The sound of various musical instruments thrilled Tara. Even Papa seemed to have forgotten the cares of home. They stood listening and watching for a long time as they prayed to the deity.

As evening turned to twilight and the shadows lengthened, the sunbeams filtering through the coconut fronds made the parasols shine. Tara watched in amazement although she remembered seeing the same sight last year as well. Then she held Papa's hand as they walked amidst the stalls. She wished she could buy all the toys and balloons that were displayed there.

They stopped at a toy-shop. In the orange light of the electric bulb, Tara chose a doll in red frock for herself. The doll had blue eyes which closed when it was laid flat, as if asleep.

"What shall we buy for Asha?" Papa asked Tara.

"Let's buy that doll with the blue frock," said Tara because she knew that Asha would like it.

"Let me hold them both," said Tara as they started to walk back home.

"Be careful. Don't drop them," cautioned Papa.

"Yes, Papa," said Tara.

They had hardly crossed the temple grounds when Tara cried out. She had held both dolls in her right hand (because she was holding on to Papa with her left) and suddenly she noticed that only the red doll was there. They turned back to check the path along the way they had walked. But now the crowd had grown, so had the darkness, in spite of the glowing bulbs. It was simply not possible to find the other doll and there was every likelihood of somebody having picked it up.

"It's all right, Tara. We will buy another one later," said Papa, trying to console Tara as tears streamed down her cheeks.

It was not the loss of the blue doll that made Tara cry, it was the fact that there

was only one doll now, and the two sisters had been told not to play together till Asha recovered from her illness.

Well, what could be done now? She would have to tell Asha that they couldn't find a doll for her. If only Papa doesn't spill the beans then she would get to keep the doll for herself and they could buy another one for Asha later. Asking Papa for another favour was out of the question now and so Tara kept mum.

'Asha, I bought this red doll for myself. There was no other nice doll in the shop. So, we will buy one for you later,' this is what I will tell her, thought Tara as, she practised her words on the way home.

When they reached home, Ma was in the kitchen and Grandma was sitting with Asha, reading to her a story.

Tara slowly approached Asha's bedside, the red doll in her hand.

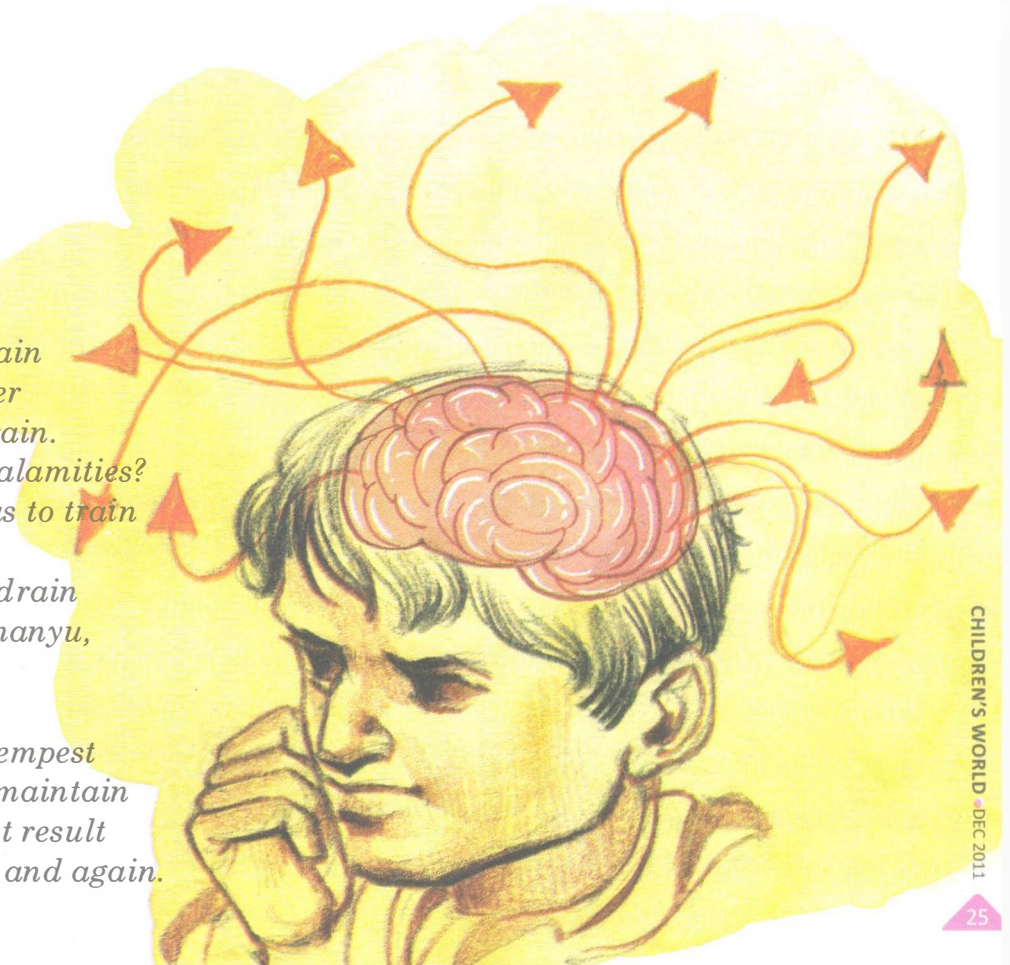
"Hey, what a nice doll! Thank you, sis," cried Asha in spite of her sore throat. With that she reached for the doll.

That moment Tara forgot all the lines she had rehearsed. Instead, what came out of her mouth was, "Asha, we couldn't get your favourite colour. But I knew you would love this red doll." And she handed over the beautiful toy to Asha.

Tara sat next to Grandma and happily watched Asha play with the doll. It was not sympathy that she felt. No, that was not why she had given her the doll. She gave her the doll because last year she too had broken her arm when she fell from the mango tree and she knew what it felt to be laid up in bed. But is that what made her change her mind? She was not sure. Maybe the sight of Asha's face that shone on seeing the doll made her forget her previous plans. Perhaps it was also because she loved her sister much more than she loved the doll!⌘

Apply Your Brain

Syed Insha Pervez (12)
Illustratiion: Sanjay Sarkar

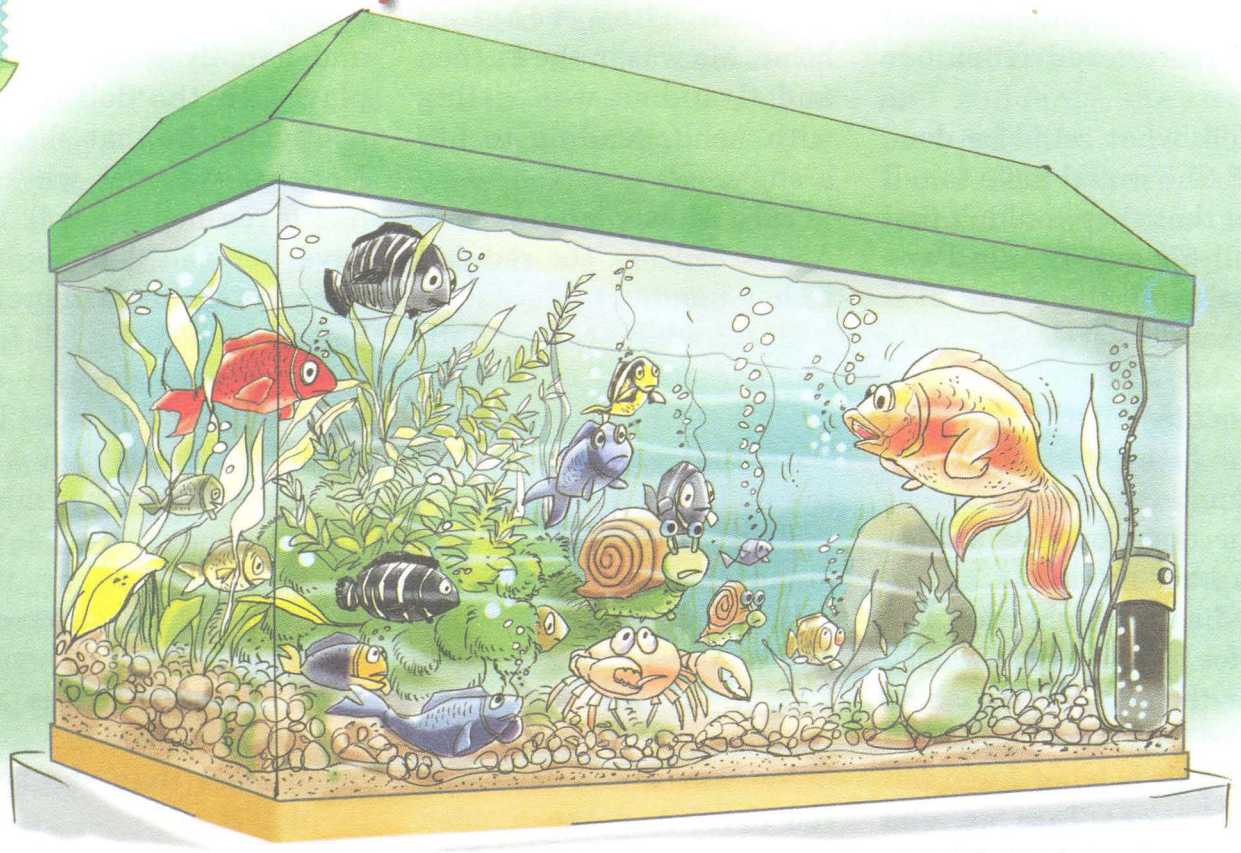


If you want some gain
You will have to take some pain
Like after a scorching summer
We always get rejuvenating rain.
Do you know why there are calamities?
It is because Nature, wants us to train
We should not panic
Even we find a snake in our drain
Remember the story of Abhimanyu,
In trouble don't get confused,
Apply your brain.
Be it a tsunami, tornado or tempest
Cool of mind is necessary to maintain
If you wish to achieve the best result
You will have to study again and again.

SPECIAL STORY

Stevie's Aquarium

Usha Bajracharya Verma
Illustrations: Saurabh Pandey



OF ALL THE things Stevie loved, the most he liked was the big aquarium placed in the hall at his home. In it his parents had put different kinds of fish which he observed every day for long hours. Whether you believe it or not, all the fish got along very well. That was...until...Stevie put a new fish into it.

The new fish was spectacular in every sense of the word. Her golden fins sparkled with a rainbow of colours and her body was a vivid scarlet hue. And boy! did she enter the aquarium with a huge attitude!

The new fish flung back her head in a stately manner and boomed, "Where are all the inhabitants of this measly watery world? Come out, come out from wherever you are and greet me!"

The startled fish peeped out at the newcomer fish with mixed emotions. Since her tone was not right, they kept to their hiding places amidst the water plants.

"What?" she screeched, "didn't anyone teach you any manners here? Don't you know how to greet a fish from the royal family?"

The fish thought it better to stay still and size up the situation before things got worse. Finally, a water snail picked up enough courage to come out of its shell and asked timidly, "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" shrieked the new fish. "Well, Snail, that is a very good question indeed!"

"Pardon me," repeated the snail, "but who are you?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Snail, I am your queen!" spoke the fish haughtily. "Well, haven't you ever seen a queen before?"

"Sorry, madam, I don't know what a queen is!" replied the snail. "We are all equal here and we most certainly have never had a queen before."

"Well!" shouted the fish, "if you've never had one before, you have one now! And now that I have arrived in your miserable,

watery world, everything must change!"

"Change?" questioned the snail.

"Hmmm!" stormed the fish, "yes, Snail, there will be change! Most important of all, there will be new rules!"

"The only rules we've ever had were about living in harmony and doing good deeds!" explained the snail.

"Tusk! tusk!" scoffed the fish. "These regulations are very outdated. Quick! Call everyone. They must come at once to do my bidding!"

"Do your bidding?" inquired the snail.

"Snail, must you repeat everything I say?" thundered the fish. "You will summon everyone to listen to your queen and that queen is me!"

There was pin drop silence in the aquarium, for none of the fish had ever heard that tone of voice before. Neither had anyone given such stringent orders that hit out like a whiplash! The poor little snail got so frightened that he slipped his head into his shell and trembled all over.

"Order! order!" shouted the fish arrogantly.

The other fish dashed out from under the leaves of the water plants and scurried forth to surround the new fish who gave a long list of instructions in her commanding voice.

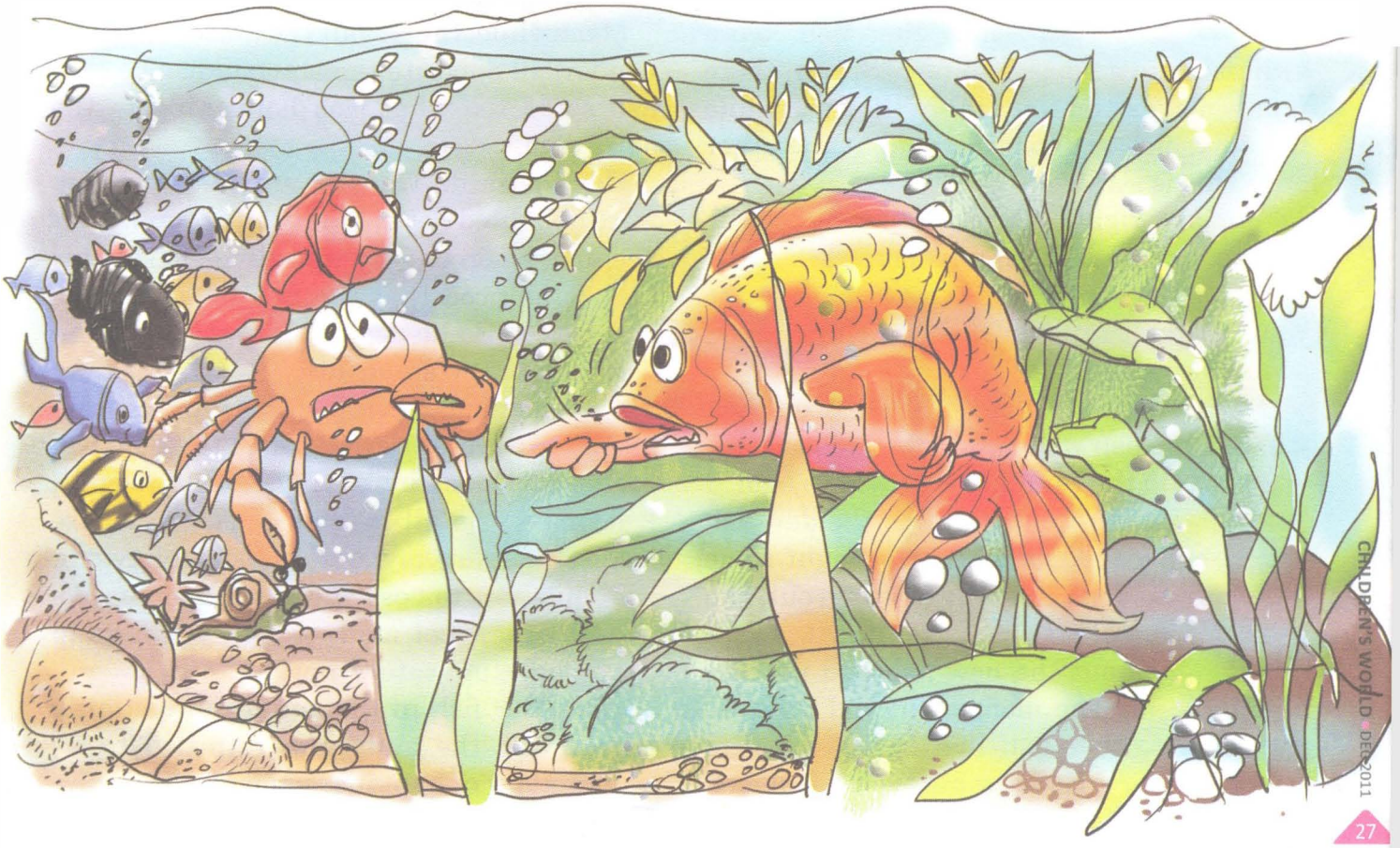
Life in the aquarium changed overnight as the newcomer fish took charge and declared herself their queen. She bellowed, "From today, our world is divided into two halves. The part where the water plants grow the thickest, is my part and the rest of you, the commoner fish, are to take the other half!"

"But," protested a crab softly, "there are no plants in our half!"

"Never you mind that, Mr. Crab!" hollered the queen fish. "That portion is for the commoners! And beware! none of you should swim into my territory!"

For several days the other fish in the aquarium lived miserably. One day, when Stevie was watching his fish swim to and fro, he noticed they were all looking listless and unwell.

"Mom!" he called, "come and take a look.



Something is not right here!"

Stevie's mother rushed to the aquarium. She too observed that the fish were swimming in a queer manner. "Stevie, there is only one fish on this side of the tank while the other fish are concentrated at the other end. This is strange!"

"You are right," agreed Stevie, "usually the aquarium is a happy place with the fish playing hide-and-seek among the water plants. But today they are not even swimming about!"

"If you notice, Stevie," said his mother, "that single fish who is swimming is the one you put into the tank just a few days ago!"

"Mom, I think we better take the new fish out. Possibly the old fish have caught some illness. If we don't take the new one out, she will catch it too!"

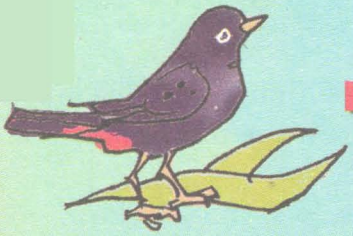
Stevie took out the new fish and put her in a glass jar. The moment he did that, he noticed the other fish had begun to swim about as before. He sprinkled some fish food into the aquarium and watched the fish dart about from one end to the other.

Meanwhile, Stevie put the glass jar on the windowsill opposite the aquarium. The new fish could see what was happening in the aquarium.

Days passed. The fish in the aquarium were delighted not to be bossed around. That evening, when the boy was giving food to his fish, he noticed that the fish had begun to look better. So he decided to put the scarlet fish back in the aquarium.

The moment Stevie put her into the tank all the fish were horrified. But the new fish comforted them by saying, "Dear friends, I did miss you all in that glass jar. Please forgive me for my outlandish behaviour. I promise not to boss you around again. We are all equal. Let me live with you here in our wonderful, watery world!"

The older fish in the aquarium instantly agreed and the aquarium returned to its former glory of happiness and love.⌘



TWEETY AND ROBIN

Sarisha D
Illustration:
Subir Roy

ONCE UPON a time there lived a bird named Robin. It would sing all day and it would sing all night. One day, Robin went out to meet his friend Tweety.

"Ting Tong!" sounded the bell. Tweety opened the door.

"What a surprise! Hello Tweety!" said Robin.

"Hello, Robin," replied Tweety.

"Tweety, why are you looking so sad?" asked Robin.

"My parents had gone out for a while now and they have still not returned. What should I do? I'm worried," replied Tweety.

"Do not worry," consoled Robin, "instead, go and search for your parents. But take care of the big, bad bull-frog."

"Okay, I will," answered Tweety and Robin flew away to do some work.

"Croak, Croak!" Mr. Frog came out of his hiding. "Where are you going, Tweety?" he asked.

Tweety did not answer and flitted away quietly in search of her parents.

"Croak, Croak," the frog said again, "you did not answer me." Mr. Frog was angry with Tweety.

Tweety screamed, and her screams filled the air. Suddenly, two voices were heard. They belonged to Tweety's parents. They swooped on Mr. Frog and pecked him till he hopped away.

Tweety said, "Thank you, my friend Robin, for warning me against Mr. Frog."

"The best thing in the world is a good friend," said Tweety's parents, "and you are lucky to have one!"

Tweety and Robin happily flew up to a high branch.⌘

GOD

Nishikant Nayak (12)
Illustration: Saurabh Pandey

IT IS He, to whom we desperately call, before we get our marks. It is He, to whom we pray before sprinting from the white line. It is He, to whom we pray every morning to save us from calamity, from incorrect judgments and hasty words.

But who is God? Is He a form, a physical body or matter in a timeless dimension? Is He the one who everlastingly floats between the rocky planets and illuminating stars? Or is He the one who watches us from inaccessible regions of the Earth, on this blue planet, watching our every move, our every state of being and emotions?

Or, is He an everlasting strength, an energy positively charged with many beliefs of a million minds hovering around sacred scents and bright flora?

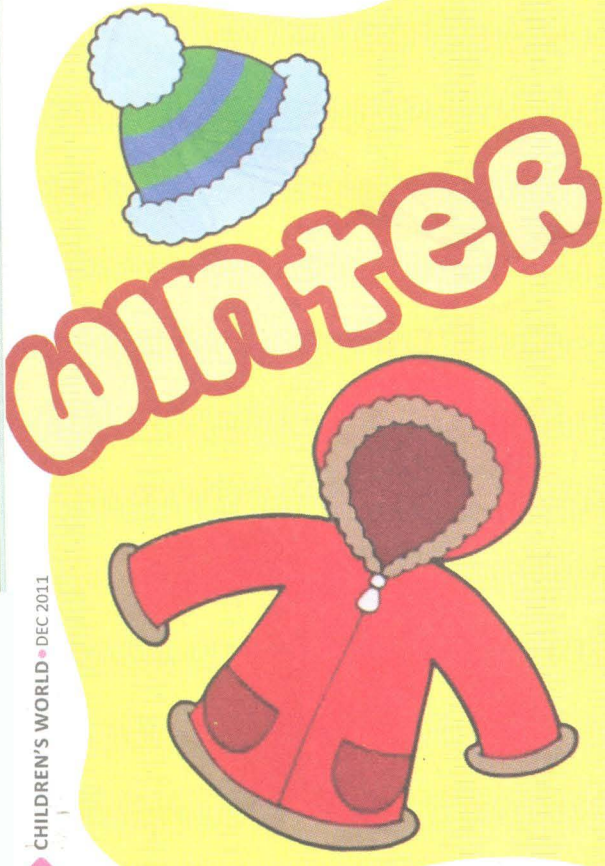
Is He an aura which glows and lasts forever, till our minds stay uncorrupted from evil hands?

Is He that last minute strength, which explodes into action, on the unknown nanosecond?

However, we may take God as a fact defiant of logic, as something which cannot be understood by the materialistic science or physics.

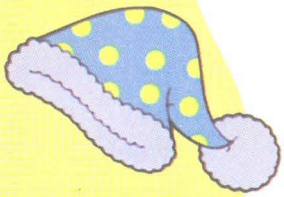
God, these three letters refer to an external energy, an energy which keeps our heart pumping and living till the last breath. God gets his definition from the beliefs of countless people who trust him. Trust in God makes us discover our destiny and reach out to Him.⌘

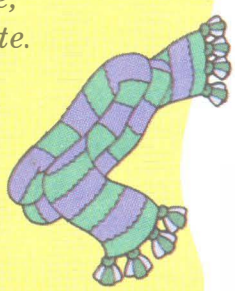
WINTER

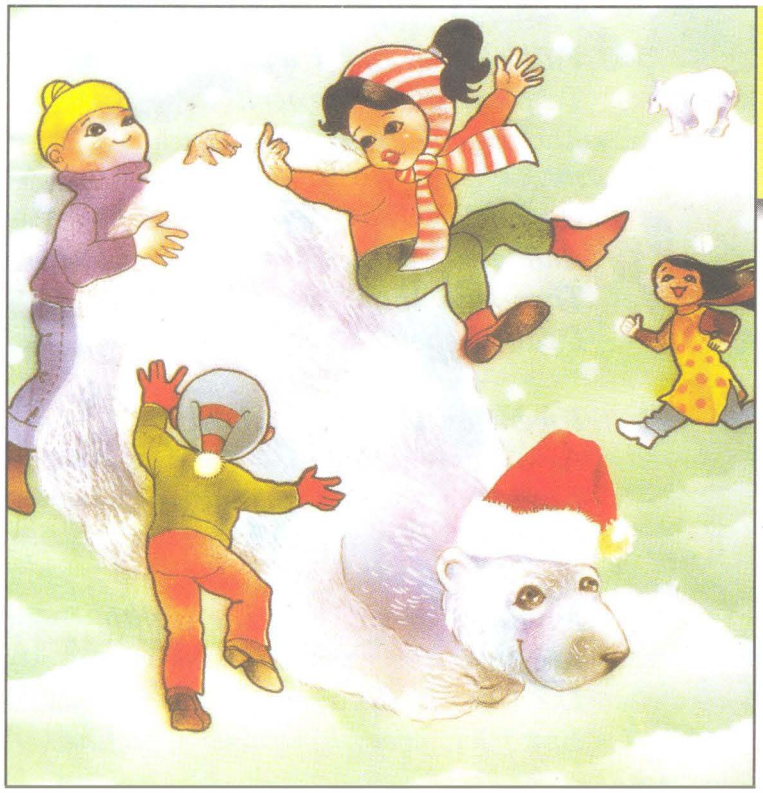


Nishikant Nayak (12)
Illustration: Saurabh Pandey

Winter is descending,
Upon the Earth,
Cold gusts whistle and sing,
As we put away the T-shirt.
Icicles and snow
Rain down from the heavens,
As if on the world's theatre,
There is a spectacular show.
As cottons hibernate,
With monotonous mothballs,
The woollens enter after an endless spate,
To give us warmth, like in a packing gate.
Winter says goodbye to air conditioners
But also says hi,
To warm blankets and comfy gloves.
We love and hate
Winter for its fate
But it has numerous traits,
Some of them not very ornate.







ONE LINE SAYS IT ALL!

(for age group 7-15 years)

A picture speaks a thousand words...
Your skill lies in telling us what it says
in just a few words.
See the picture...
Observe what it says...
Write a caption...and
Send it to us...
Fast! Fast! Fast!
Best caption wins a prize!
Last date of receiving entries:
December 26, 2011.

HURRY!

One Line Says it All Results

Crackles of students and the
Laughter of teachers,
Make the school a wonderful pleasure.
Naved (12), New Delhi

***

Don't make classroom a place to play,
This is the best way
To celebrate Teacher's Day.
Pankhuri Chawla (8), Delhi

***

Teacher is a delight,
As the sun shines bright.
Navya Nayer (7), New Delhi

***

A teacher's purpose is not to create
Students in his image,
But to develop students who can
Create their own image.
Sangeeta Mishra (11), New Delhi

***

A teacher is the one
Who always smiles like the Sun.
Anushree Rai (10), Alwar

***

No class, no studies only masti and play...
That's the way we enjoy Teacher's Day!
Aishwarya Goyal (9), Chandigarh

***

Tolerating our pranks and the nuisance,
By smiling and showing extreme patience
Thanks, dear teachers
For allowing us to be what we are,
In our lives you are special
Like a shining star.
Saumya Kamdar (13), Delhi

***

Touch of a helping hand, feel of a pure soul
Is none others than our lovely teachers.
Nikit Khandelwal (14), Delhi

***

In spite of all the nuisance
Teacher handles the class patiently
She is the one who deserves
An applause certainly.
Gaurav Notaney (10), Delhi

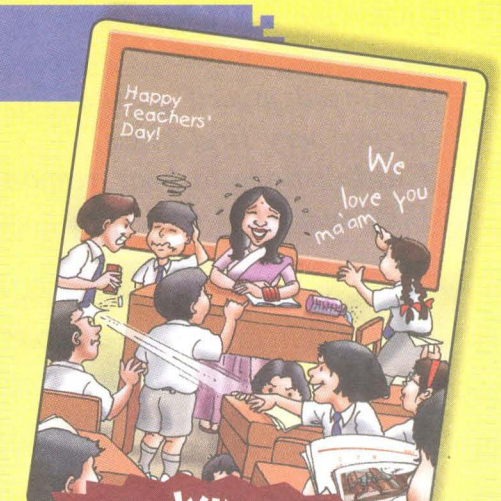
***

The children are having fun with their
teacher and they love their teacher from
the bottom of their heart.
Charmi A Soni (11), Ahmedabad

***

Teachers are just like our mothers
So, their scoldings and punishments
Shouldn't really make us bother...
Preyal Prajapati (13), Ahmedabad

***



WINNER

We are naughty, we are brats
Thank you teacher, for giving us pats.
Samvaad Anand (7), New Delhi

Teachers are happy when their students
are successful in their life.
N.O. Yatheendran (10), Ahmedabad

***

Without you we would have been lost
Thank you for guiding us,
For inspiring us, and for making us
What we are today.
Kanchi Patel (13), Ahmedabad

Childhood—The Spring Of Joy

Anurag Advani (17)
Illustration: Sanjay Sarkar

I was forced to go to school one day
That day I didn't know,
This would decide my future life
And change me from head to toe.

I was admitted to the kindergarten
Oh! what a noisy place it was,
I decided there and then
To be my very own boss!

I wouldn't let these children
Treat me like a nobody,
I would show them that I was
Indeed somebody!

We had a lot of fun
And fought over small issues,
We made our teachers weep
And take out white tissues.

I enjoyed myself quite a lot
In my very first class,
I didn't have to bear responsibility
Like every lad and lass.

I was promoted to class one
Now I felt grown up indeed!
I had begun to love my school
And learnt to follow and lead.

I moved up my school
Till I was in class five,
A year I knew I won't forget
For my entire life.

I was praised
For doing well that year
Without any tuition,
I was proud to belong
To such a fine institution.

I entered middle school
Full of hopes and wishes,
To play and score well
And receive hugs and kisses.

Here I broke all my promises
And disappointed my teachers,
They said they had high hopes
I called them all preachers.

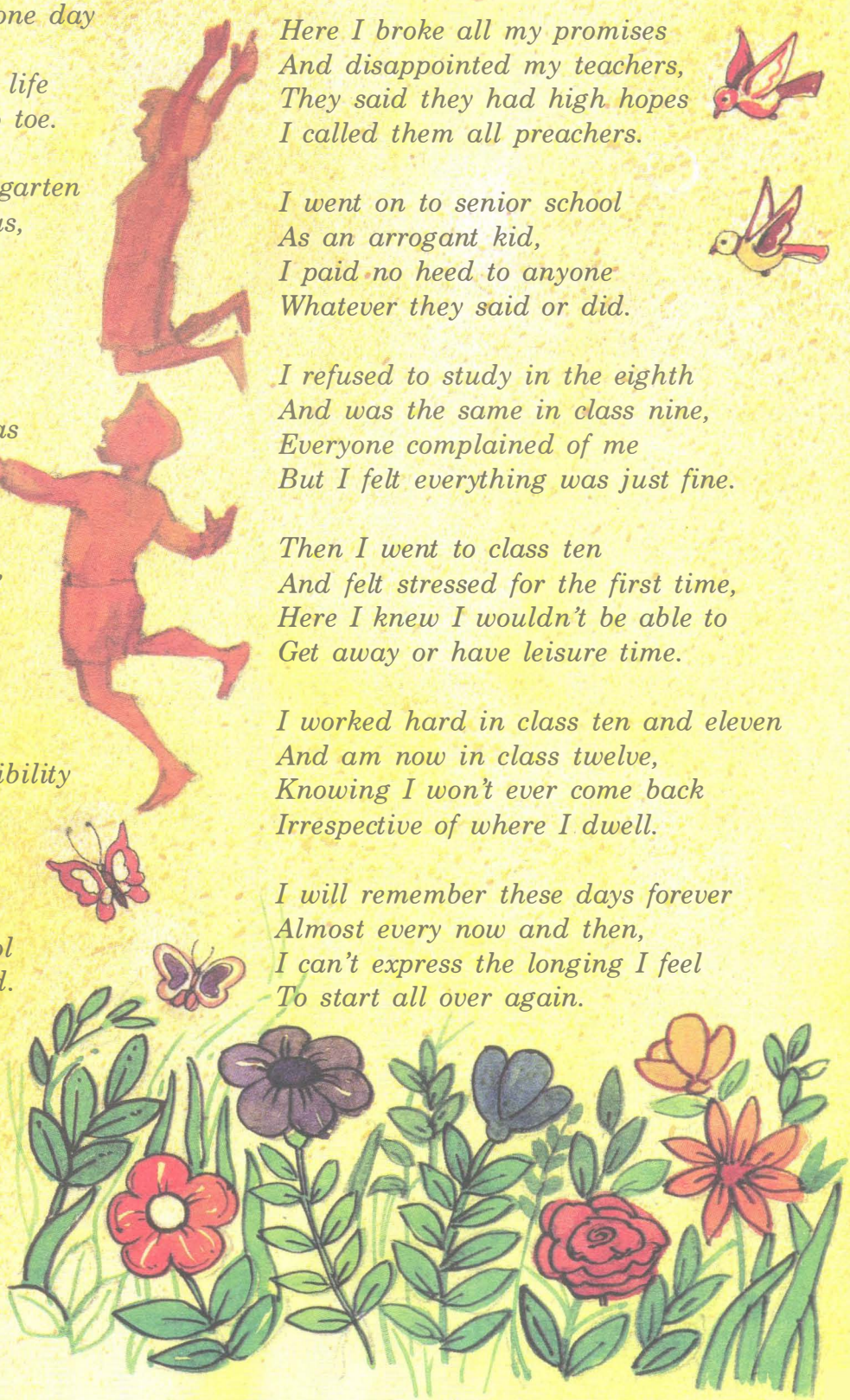
I went on to senior school
As an arrogant kid,
I paid no heed to anyone
Whatever they said or did.

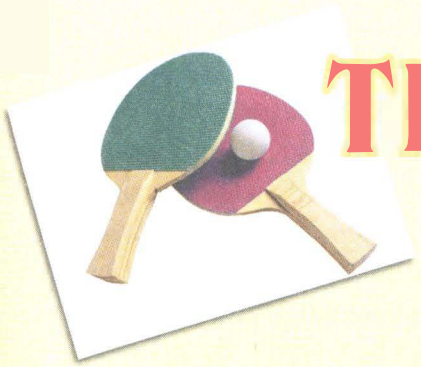
I refused to study in the eighth
And was the same in class nine,
Everyone complained of me
But I felt everything was just fine.

Then I went to class ten
And felt stressed for the first time,
Here I knew I wouldn't be able to
Get away or have leisure time.

I worked hard in class ten and eleven
And am now in class twelve,
Knowing I won't ever come back
Irrespective of where I dwell.

I will remember these days forever
Almost every now and then,
I can't express the longing I feel
To start all over again.





THE CELEBRITY

Debashish Majumdar
Illustrations: Ankur Mitra

BOBBY TOSSED the table tennis ball in the air. Then he served it to his opponent. The bespectacled boy Suman returned the ball to Bobby's side of the table. Bobby smashed it, a clear winner. At fifteen he had just won the State Sub-Junior Table Tennis Championships.

Bobby was excited when the media swooped upon him like a swarm of flies. Television coverage, flashing cameras and interviews heralded the new champ. Among the sports correspondents was Satish Kumar of the New Delhi News. He asked Bobby many personal questions. Bobby answered them all enthusiastically. Bobby had a sister Reena. She was physically challenged. She was a great fan of his. In fact, she had been here on a wheelchair cheering her brother's victory to the last. The media asked her opinion too. They asked her how she felt with Bobby stealing the limelight. Reena was overcome with emotion and said all her life's happiness revolved around her brother's achievements.

The following day, all the local Delhi newspapers published encouraging write-ups about Bobby.

Bobby's parents were very proud of their son's latest landmark in the world of table tennis. Bobby's mother proudly showed her son's press coverages to her neighbours. Her friends showered praises upon Bobby.

When Bobby reached his school, the Principal and his teachers took a close look at the celebrity. Bobby smiled back. He had never guessed that his school friends would mob him the way they did. Everywhere Bobby went in his school campus, kids simply rushed towards him for autographs.

Back home, Bobby's dad had collected all the newspaper clippings for his son and had compiled a file. Reena joined in too. Her parents were so carried away by their son's success that Reena felt totally neglected. Even the relatives ignored the poor girl as they heaped praises upon her brother. Satish Kumar had praised Bobby to the sky. He had even made forecasts for Bobby's future saying he would become a national champion and make his country proud in international meets. Bobby was elated with all the media hype he got and imagined he was a celebrity shaking hands with Shah Rukh Khan while Sania Mirza looked on and was smiling at him! He was a real hero. He had never felt so good all his life.

Bobby was now preparing for the National Sub-Junior Meet at Chennai. There was a real change in his lifestyle. He always used his dad's car to visit malls and eating places. He got his T-shirt painted with the words 'I Am A Superstar' and was busy attending to fan mails whenever he had spare time after his routine practice.

Bobby now had very little time for his sister Reena who felt very sad. After all, in her lonely world her brother mattered the most to her. To her, Bobby was more than a celebrity. He was the one with whom she played hide-and-seek, shared her books and toys, and played dolls-house.

***

The Nationals began. Bobby was so reluctant to take Reena with him that

his parents were forced to agree to his plans. He felt embarrassed dragging along a physically challenged girl wherever he went. It was a prestige issue for him. How could he face the world if they flashed in the media that he had a sister who was afflicted with polio at the age of three and could not walk again?

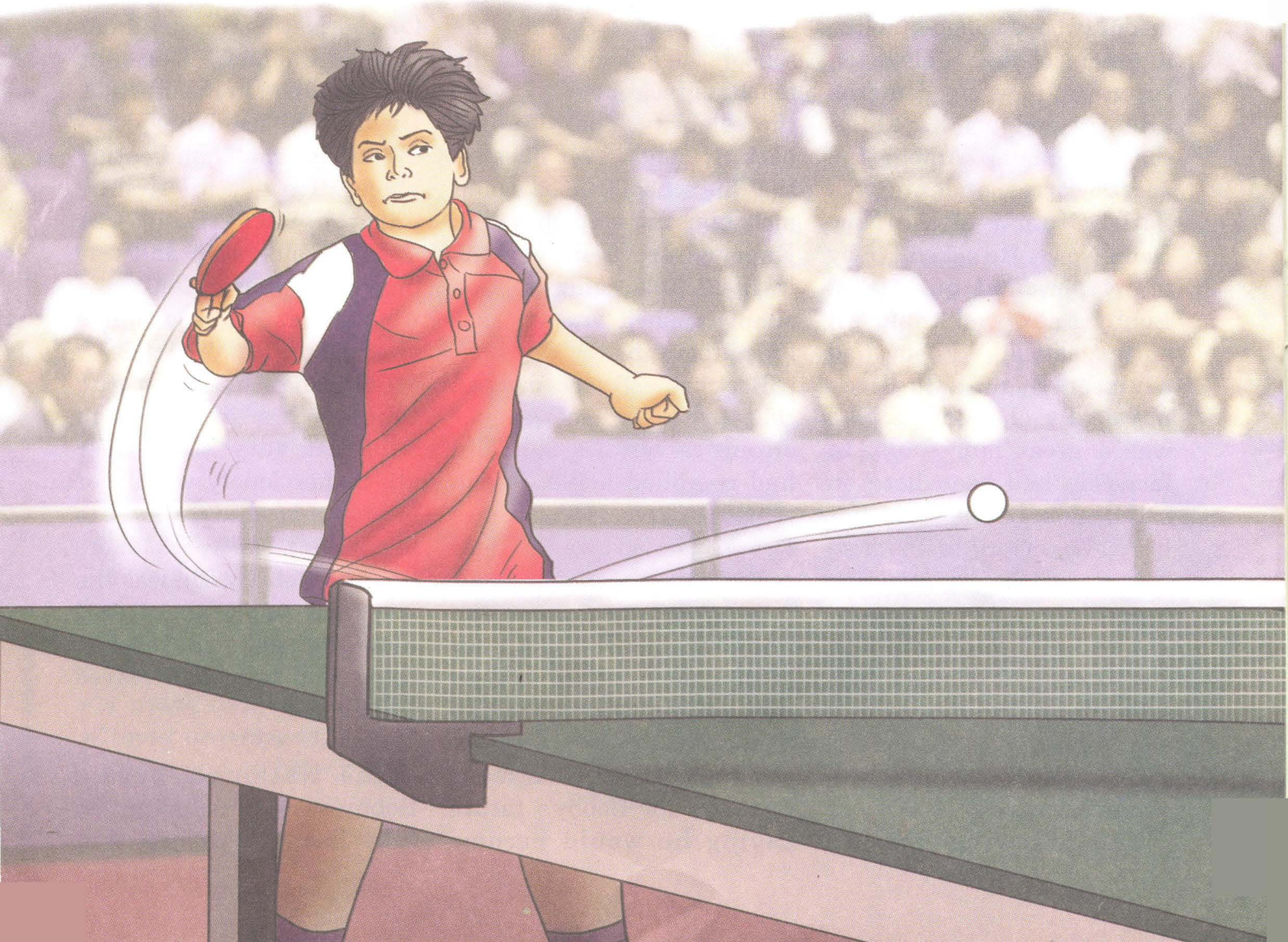
Bobby was delighted that Satish Kumar had accompanied the Delhi Boys to Chennai. Just before the journey began, Bobby proudly spoke to this correspondent about his ambition in life. Bobby was confident that he would emerge a National champion. The newspaper carried Bobby's report and Satish put the icing on the cake.

Bobby cruised home to victory in the first two rounds of the singles matches. The headlines screamed Bobby's name. He was the second-seeded player; the hot favourite to emerge a champion.

Bobby felt on top of the world. In the hotel room, he ordered food and soft drinks like a king. He went for a late evening swim and bought for himself magazines on celebrity lifestyles. He had no time to think about his dear sister sitting miles away. While he had received her e-mail wishing him luck, Bobby had no time to write back to her or even call her on her cellphone.

The next day, Bobby was all set to take on an insignificant lad from Nagaland. His name was Terence Ao. The boy was slim and had strong leg muscles. Not too many spectators cheered Terence as the match began.

Bobby had a coach



Bunty Singh. His mentor repeatedly warned Bobby not to get carried away by the media. He had always warned him to measure the skills of every opponent. He had taught Bobby never to underestimate opposition's strength and talent.

But Bobby was as proud as a bumblebee. He started the first game aggressively. He served spin and attacked Terence with heavy smashes. Most of Bobby's return serves flew out of the table. Bobby lost his cool. He started arguing with the referee. He hurled abuses at his opponent who won the first game easily 21-10.

Bobby regained some of his masterly touches in the next game. He kept Terence guessing with his attacking line. Bobby won the second game 21-15.

In the third and crucial game Bobby appeared over-confident as he strutted about and puffed his chest. After all, he was a celebrity. The media had boasted of Bobby's skills. Had they not said that the player from the North-east would be no match for Bobby?

Bobby's coach whispered to him to play the final game defensively and cautiously. Bobby paid no heed.

As soon as the third game began, Bobby launched a massive attack on his opponent. To his surprise, Terence countered every move well. Soon the score was 12-18 with Bobby trailing. Perspiration streamed down Bobby's forehead. He began to grow nervous. He now changed his game to a defensive one. He managed to pull back to 18-20 but now Terence was serving for the match. A hush fell over the stadium. One more point for the Nagaland boy and it will be all over for Bobby! There was a big rally and then Bobby misread a spin and went for the kill. The ball took the edge of Bobby's bat and flew out of the table. Cheers broke out from the crowd for the Naga boy Terence. The media ignored Bobby completely. They rushed and surrounded the winner. Even Satish! Bobby felt utterly dejected. He slunk away from the stadium like a defeated hyena.

He could not wait to read the following day's newspaper. He was shocked beyond words. He was criticized by every newspaper. Even Satish had swung his opinion. He felt that it was the end of the career for Bobby. He had brought shame to his Delhi fans.

Bobby burst into tears. He boarded the train home thoroughly dejected. He could not believe his eyes! The same media who had propelled him to celebrity status had defamed him, shattered his future. Satish Kumar did not even bother to talk to him. Bobby could never imagine that the media could be so shifty!

Bunty Singh gave Bobby new hope. He told him that it was a lesson for Bobby. He should not have been carried away by the media hype. They readily make champions and break them too. "Bobby, remember it is tough to become a celebrity," his coach advised him, "for every celebrity leads a life of uncertainty and tension. Outwardly it looks like they are kings and queens but one slip...and the media sweeps down on them like vultures."

Bobby drew inspiration from his coach that all was not lost. One defeat cannot steal away talent or confidence. Bobby was determined to bounce back.

Back home, his friends ignored him. Suddenly his fan club went dry. At school, everyone made him feel guilty as if he had committed a grave crime. Bobby realized he was a celebrity no more. He was an ordinary boy in the street once again. Even his neighbours did not speak to him about the game. Bobby hugged his sister and burst into tears. He realized how much he had changed. He became a normal boy once again.

That summer, Bobby silently improved upon his

game. He was grinding his way to the next National Junior Table Tennis Championships. Also he had now learnt an important lesson—ignore the media.

***

Bobby was happy. He was playing the National Juniors in front of his home crowd. He was not proud of his past achievements anymore. He had shaken off the celebrity status out of his mind. Bobby played the singles rounds. He had sailed into the semi-finals. He never looked into the newspapers for their comments. He had learnt to shun the media. Bobby reached the finals and guess what happened? The Nagaland champ Terence Ao was smiling at him. Bobby shook hands with his former opponent in the finals. The gruelling game began. Terence played sound table tennis. He played a mixture of attack and defensive shots. He was playing with confidence. After all, had he not defeated Bobby a year ago?

Bobby played like a wizard. He countered every move. It looked like anyone could win. In the end it was Bobby who narrowly won the final game 21-16, 18-21, 21-19.

The spectators applauded Bobby. Satish Kumar dashed towards Bobby, his white teeth gleaming. Bobby ignored him as he stepped onto the dais to speak on his victory.

Bobby showered praise on Terence Ao. He expressed to the world how a young boy with limited opportunities but enormous talent had reached the finals. He mentioned that every game will produce a winner and a loser. It was the duty of the media to encourage good players and not to make them into celebrities or to break them. Instead they could contribute towards social responsibility by arranging for training of players like Terence. Bobby knew that the media will once again make him a celebrity. He did not care about it. He shrugged off his new sports fans. Hugging his trophy, he boarded the bus home. He ignored the congratulatory calls that poured in from the neighbours and the shower of messages over the cellphone.

He took a bath and rushed to his sister's room. She had watched Bobby's event on the television and was a witness to the praises being lavished on him.

Bobby had realized that being a celebrity was like a dream that would fade with time. What really mattered was the happiness of his near and dear ones who would always love him whether he was a superstar or not. He quickly settled down to play doll-house with his sister and share his joy with her.⌘

Shopping Therapy

Jasvinder Sharma
Illustration: Subir Roy

THE WINTER season has gone and it is that time of the year when every Tom, Dick and Harry throngs luxurious shopping malls and gets the best deals of the sale season. Credit card studded wallets, vibrant sales at the snobbish boutiques, and post-internet age women's insatiable shopaholic souls, make them commando shoppers who attack morning newspapers with a vengeance to update themselves on the latest discounted offers on branded items at premium stores.

Odd and bizarre was the morning when I made a virtual fool of myself.

I picked up the newspaper along with my regular English daily from the terrace. And that was the root cause of all the troubles that followed.

I had thought the local newspaper belonged to my neighbour and the hawker had thrown it to our side by mistake. Hence I went to hand it over to him.

My neighbour saw the newspaper and scoffed, "These days local newspapers rain like monsoon showers and that too free of cost! It is for you, my dear."

I returned to my terrace and gave it a quick glance.

My wife has a unique way of reading the newspaper. She starts reading from the last page! Unlike me, she is not fanatical about editorial pages or sports spread-outs. She hunts for the columns showing free offers, discounts and attractive sales.

In a few seconds she had spotted the catch—a mega sale of Bangalore silk saris at the Piccadilly Multiplex!

Of course, her idea was noble—to remain in touch with the latest trends!

Soon we found ourselves in front of the grand five-star hotel. Magnificent super model cars were parked all around. Taking the lift we reached the tenth floor where the sale was on.

While my wife was enamoured with the suits, saris and dupattas, I strolled here and there aimlessly. It appeared the shoppers were mad about discounts and appeared unmindful of the fact that their original prices were perhaps enhanced and the huge discount offered as a bait!

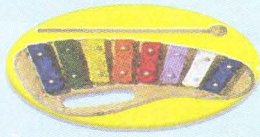
Any way, many hands were pouncing upon a particular sari or suit at the same time. There was total panic that someone else may take away what one had selected. My wife too had selected a range of suits, saris and other dress material and I held them all in my hands while following her about to those endless stalls. I was not the only dutiful husband doing so, there were many like me around. Suddenly, many more couples joined in.

It became difficult to move about even on one's heels. The condition of the sales girls was even more pitiable; almost like that of sailors caught in a big storm. My wife had bought clothes worth several thousands, still she looked around very hopeful she might spot a dress that would be good value for money.

I now realized it had all been my fault. I should never have picked up that free paper from the terrace. Well...I had learnt a lesson, the toughest of my life!⌘

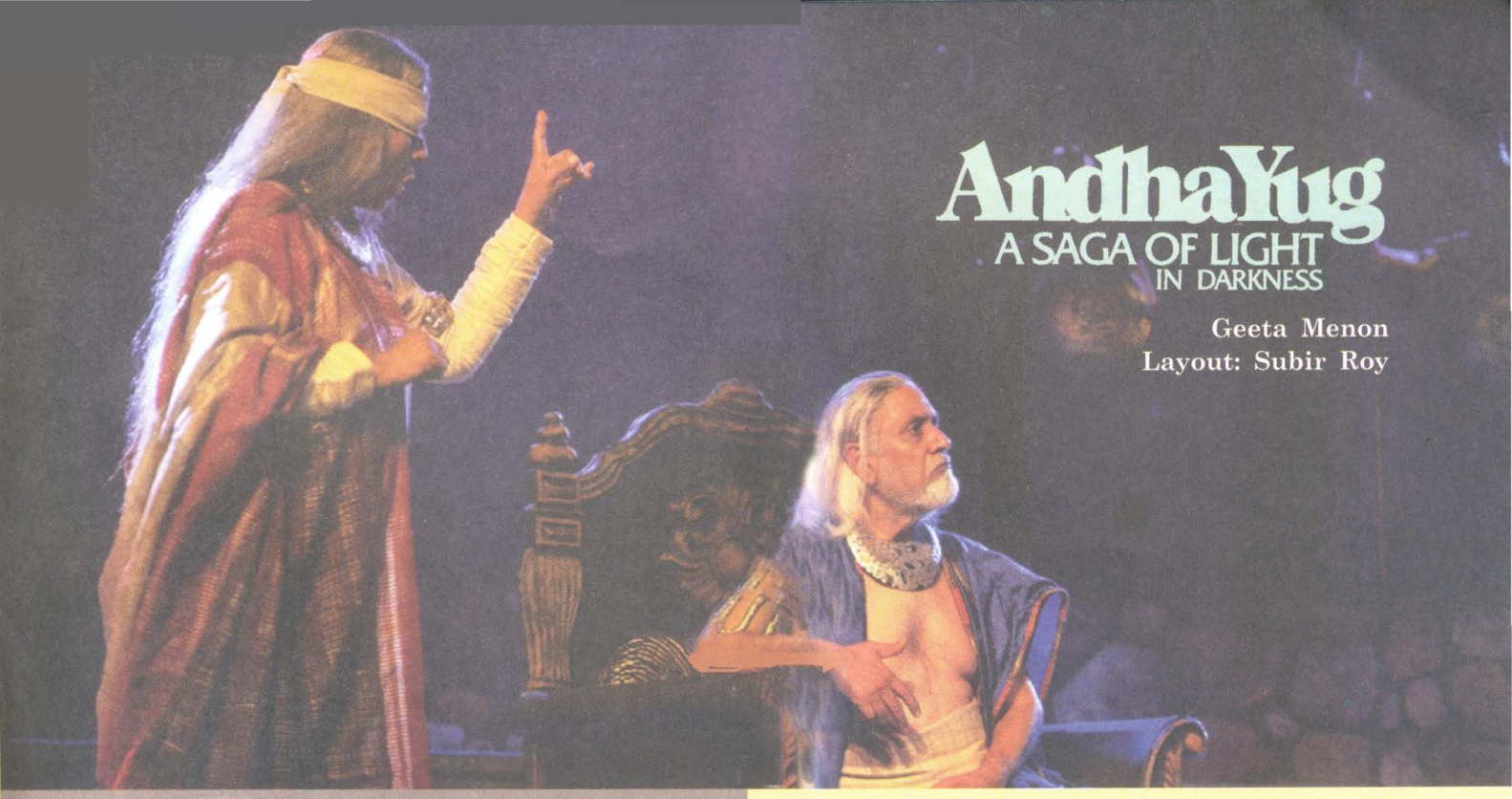
PUZZLES AND RIDDLES

G.S. Sunayana Sri (5)
Johnson Grammar School, Hyderabad
Layout: Subir Roy



1. What goes around the world but still always stays in a corner?
2. They come at night without being called and are lost in the day without being stolen.
3. What always runs but never walks, often murmurs, never talks, has a bed but never sleeps, has a mouth but never eats?
4. Which vehicle is spelled the same both backwards and forwards?
5. Though it is not an ox, it has horns, though it is not an ass, it has a pack-saddle and wherever it goes, it leaves silver behind.
6. Forward I am heavy, backward I am not.

1. Stamp 2. Stars 3. A river 4. Race car 5. A snail 6. Ton



Andha Yug
A SAGA OF LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Geeta Menon
Layout: Subir Roy

THE RUINS of the Feroze Shah Kotla in New Delhi came alive yet again for *Andha Yug*, the Hindi play directed by Bhanu Bharti, that was staged here from October 14-24, 2011, 48 years after Ebrahim Alkazi first presented it to an audience that included the first Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in 1963. The play was presented by Sahitya Kala Parishad and Department of Art, Culture and Languages, Government of Delhi.

As one entered the main gate of the historic Feroze Shah Kotla Maidan, one was transported to a different age and time. Half a kilometre of walk amidst the ruins and one reached the amphitheatre where the play was staged. The director had used the ambience very imaginatively and intelligently. The broken walls and arches, the gates, all appeared to be a part of the play. Also, every wall was lit up in a manner to "reveal" the ruins.

Amidst the ruins three scenes were depicted—the palace at Hastinapura, a forest with caves and vegetation, and a war scene flanked by a chariot on one side and its broken wheel lying a few feet away.

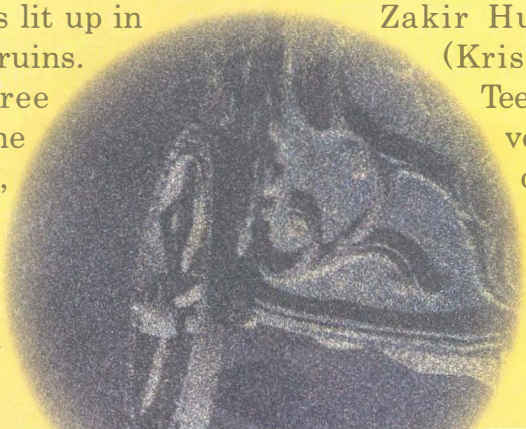
Set on the last day of the Kurukshetra War, *Andha Yug,* an anti-war play, was written by the renowned novelist, poet and playwright Dharamvir Bharati in 1954.

The play talks about the age-old question of worthlessness of war, viewed through the eyes of a few surviving members of the Pandava-Kaurava clan. It depicts them as grieving and lamenting, at the same time

blaming the other for the destruction. The war is over yet none is a winner. Even Krishna, who is cursed by Gandhari, dies.

With a popular star cast like Mohan Maharishi (Dhritarashtra), Uttara Baokar (Gandhari), Ravi Khaanwilkar (Vidura), Zakir Hussain (Sanjaya), Om Puri (Krishna in a voice over only), Teekam Joshi (Ashwatthama), all veterans of the National School of Drama, *Andha Yug* was a visual treat for the audience.

The play ends with the cast carrying lamps symbolizing hope against hope.⌘



Write. Draw. Have Your Way!
This space is for first-time contributors.
We promise not to edit a word.

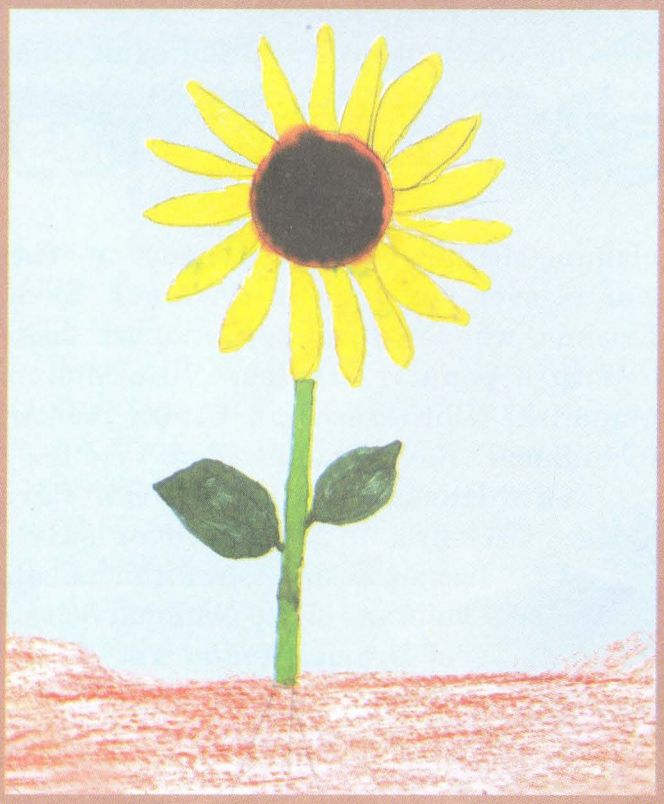
RAT 'n' CAT

Hat Mat Cat
You only naughty Rat
You don't know
Where is your Cat

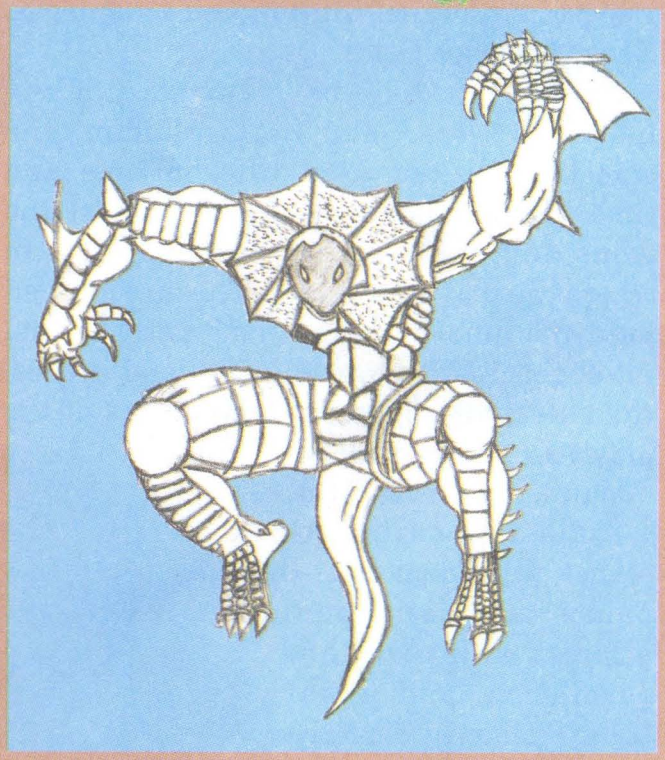
Sat Bat Rat
You only little Brat
You beware of
The very fat Cat

Shivangi Pandey (5)

Sahil Drew (8)



Athmiya Gowda (9)



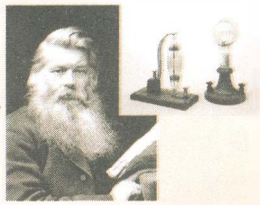
Shivam Pahal (14)

FACTS

Anoopam Mishra (13)
Hamdard Public School, New Delhi
Illustration: Ankur Mitra

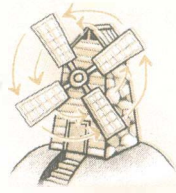
- In 1634, Nicolas Francois and his wife, Claude, the duke and duchess of Lorraine in France, were sentenced to death. They were imprisoned in their palace at Nancy. On April 1, they escaped from the palace by climbing out of a palace window. The eye-witnesses who saw them shouted to alert the guards, but the guards did nothing! They thought it was just an old April fool's joke!
- Eskimos have hundreds of words for 'snow' but none for 'hello'.

- The 'Sixth sick Sheikh's sixth sheep is sick' is the hardest tongue-twister.
- The longest English word without a vowel is 'twyndyllyngs' which means 'twins'.
- Albert Einstein never wore any socks.
- Sir Issac Newton never showered in his entire life.
- The total combined weight of the world's ant population is heavier than human population.
- 'Happy Birthday' is copyrighted. ©
- The number of people alive on earth right now is higher than the number of people who have died.
- One cannot lick his or her own elbow with his or her tongue.



- Nine out of 10 people believe Thomas Edison invented the light bulb. This is not true. Joseph Swan did.
- The cigarette lighter was invented before matchsticks.
- The war between England and Zanzibar in 1896 was the shortest war in history, it lasted only 38 minutes.

- All polar bears are left-handed.
- Strawberry is the only fruit with its seeds on the outside.
- E is the most frequently used letter in English.
- *Godsby* is the only novel (26 pages, 50,000 words) written in 1939 by Ernest Vincent Wright, without the use of the letter 'E'.



- Windmills always turn counter anti-clockwise.
- If a statue of a person in the park on a horse has both front legs in the air, it means the person died in battle.
- If the horse has one front leg in the air, the person died as a result of wounds received in battle.
- If the horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes.
- Monumental Axis in Brazil is the world's widest road. As many as 160 cars can drive side by side at the same time.

THE TREASURE

Komal Arora (13)
Illustration: Saurabh Pandey

The little man says
Treasure is not to be searched in hay
Or peaks of mountains
Or under lion's mare
In river's flow
Or under heart's glow.

Treasure is in your hearts
As a friend of yours,
Boring days go
But friends make them glow.

Fight may be there
But they actually care
They work together
Like a bird's feathers,
God may give sunshine
But not love so fine.

Days may pass by
But friendship never dies
Whether it is your cousin's
Or that of your teacher's.

GOD'S PURE WORDS

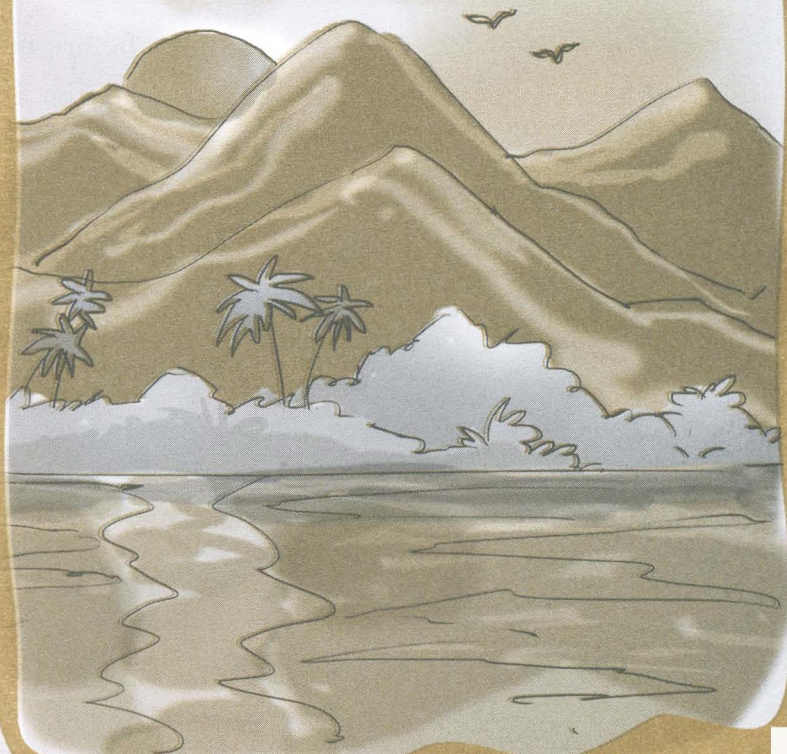
Khushi Suneja (10)

I live above the mountains
And down below the sea,
I also live in Heaven,
And you all know me.

I am the smile on your face,
And the tears of your eyes...
I always go with you,
And you always go with me.

I am your heart,
Your mouth and your tongue.
You are my child,
And to you I belong.

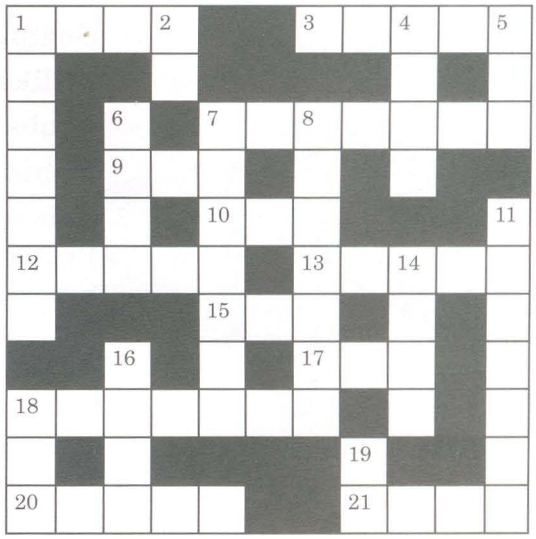
Oh! my dearest child,
Don't think that I will leave you,
I will always be with you
Because I love you.



WORD HUNT

Geeta Menon

Fill in this crossword and send it to us on or before **December 26, 2011.** THREE all-correct entries will get attractive prizes. So what are you waiting for? Get cracking! (Xerox and faxed entries will not be considered.) Turn to page 44 for the names of Three prizewinners of Word Hunt (September 2011). Look out for prizewinners of Word Hunt (October 2011) in the next issue. Keep your fingers crossed till then!



Across

1. The year 2011 has been announced as the year of the _____, better known as flying mammals (4)
3. To try to make somebody believe that you will do something that you do not really intend to do (5)
7. I shall _____ my father to lend me ₹500, plead (7)
9. At the training session we were made to play fun games to break the _____. (3)
10. United News of India was launched in 1961, and has grown into one of the largest news agencies in Asia, abbreviation (3)
12. It is a punctuation mark consisting of two equally-sized dots centered on the same vertical line which informs the reader that what follows the mark explains or lists elements of what precedes the mark. (5)
13. The country whose capital is Kathmandu was declared a Republic on May 28, 2008. (5)
15. Indian Standards Institute is a body set up when India gained Independence to create standards needed for orderly commercial growth and maintaining quality in industrial production, abbreviation (3)
17. Neither the refrigerator _____ the television was working. (3)
18. Everything that happens around us is _____. It is taken from Latin 'scientia' meaning 'knowledge'. (7)
20. Her job was to simply _____ the names of all the people who attended the function into a register, write (5)
21. Please submit the form _____ signed by your parents or guardians. (4)

Down

1. The ability to keep steady with an equal amount of weight on each side of the body (7)
2. Superintendent of Police, abbreviation (2)
4. A white crystalline solid containing 46% nitrogen, is widely used in the agricultural industry as an animal feed additive and fertilizer (4)
5. I had a bad bout of viral fever but now I am ____ as a fiddle. (3)
6. My grandfather was forced to shut down his ancestral mill against his _____. (4)
7. At the school _____ I was moved to tears to see all those teachers who had taught us since nursery line up to welcome us, meeting again (7)
8. Though it has been synthesized in the lab, the anti-malarial drug used till recently by the name _____ occurs naturally in the bark of the cinchona tree. (7)
11. An _____ couple who lived across the road always waved out to me as I cycled to my school, old (7)
14. _____ in Odisha has the Chilika Lake which is one of the largest brackish water lakes in India. (4)
16. Droop (4)
18. If we do not conduct the programme, the event managers would _____ us for breach of contract. (3)
19. Demand Draft, abbreviation (2)

(PLEASE FILL IN CAPITAL LETTERS. MAKE SURE YOU WRITE THE COMPLETE ADDRESS OF BOTH YOUR RESIDENCE AND SCHOOL TO ENABLE US TO SEND YOUR PRIZES.)

NAME.....AGE.....BOY/GIRL.....CLASS.....

ADDRESS.....

.....TEL.....

SCHOOL.....

WORD HUNT

(September 2011) Results

The prizewinners are:

1. S. S. Tulsi
   Bal Mandir Public School
   Goalpara, Assam
2. Malika Sanjeev Kapoor
   Reubs Higher Sec. School
   Maninagar, Ahmedabad
3. Vaishnavi Sharma
   Presentation Convent School, Delhi

E	Q	U	I	L	A	T	E	R	A	L
N	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	C	■	O
T	W	I	L	I	G	H	T	■	■	N
R	■	V	■	L	■	U	■	M	I	G
Y	I	E	L	D	■	B	O	A	■	■
■	■	R	■	■	A	■	■	H	■	■
■	■	S	E	A	■	F	R	A	U	D
L	I	E	■	S	■	E	■	R	■	E
O	■	■	L	I	T	E	R	A	T	I
S	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	T
S	E	N	S	I	B	I	L	I	T	Y

JUNIOR WORD HUNT

Here are the prizewinners!

1st

Ishaan Agrawal
Delhi Public School
Gurgaon

2nd

Anusha Sathia
Indus Valley World School
Kolkata

3rd

Saumya Rawat
Navy Children School
Chanakyapuri
New Delhi

ANSWERS (September 2011)

T	O	R	T	O	I	S	E	■
E	■	I	■	■	T	■	■	R
A	■	V	A	S	E	■	M	A
C	■	E	■	■	M	■	■	I
H	E	R	■	■	■	S	U	N
E	■	■	T	■	■	Y	■	F
R	O	■	R	E	A	R	■	A
S	■	■	I	■	■	I	■	L
■	F	O	O	T	B	A	L	L

WHEN...

Sumna Sadaqat (11)
Illustration:
Ankur Mitra

When you think everything is all right,
When you don't need anyone by your side
When you jump up in excitement
When you fly high as a kite
When you achieve something,
When a big smile on your face it brings.
When everyone is proud of you,
When everyone is praising you,
When everyone is congratulating,
When everyone is waiting for a celebration
When God has blessed you,
When you get a lot of success,
When you bring happiness on everyone's face.
Then you should keep your head high
And feet on the ground
Then you will find everyone around.

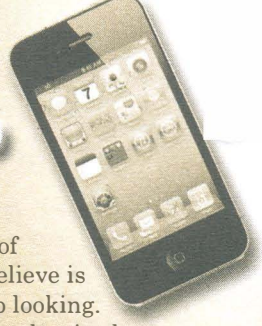
The Face

Zoha Sadaqat (14)

A face that annoys me,
Which in mirrors many times I see,
The face that has many covers on it
Within the crowd which seems unfit.
The face lies deep inside me,
Nobody notices the gloom behind the glee.
The face is the reason to sigh
It is the unmasked side
To many people that face has lied.
The face that I fear to show,
The face that would give everyone a blow.
The face which belongs to me,
The face I want everyone to notice and see.
The face that makes me proud,
But which is not suitable in the crowd.
My heart cries,
My soul sighs.
Through the covers the face tries to peep,
But it always is an unfinished
Dream of a difficult sleep.
I think the masked face does not suit me,
But everyone believes in it
And the real side that none can see.
When will it come outside?
Will I always cry
And keep my tears
Deep inside me?

Focus

"Stay Hungry! Stay Foolish!"



Steve Jobs, as a youngster, had read these words on the back cover of the farewell issue (1974) of *The Whole Earth Catalogue*. They meant that the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Steve Jobs more than demonstrated this with his own life. A visionary co-founder of Apple Inc. who helped usher in the era of personal computers and then led a cultural transformation in the way music, movies and mobile communications were experienced in the digital age, Steve Jobs passed away on October 5, 2011 at the young age of 56. The man who made devices such as iMacs, iPods, iPhones and iPads, and who, with the magical launch of every product, left his users to wonder "How did we do without that?" was surely the 'Apple of many i's'.

Geeta Menon

Layout: Subir Roy

STEVEN PAUL JOBS was born on February 24, 1955 in San Francisco and was adopted at birth. When he was about five, his father sectioned a piece of his workbench and gave it to him, saying, "Steve, this is your workbench now." And he also gave him some of his smaller tools and showed him how to use a hammer and saw and how to build things. Steve Jobs learnt the rudiments of electronics from his father and got very interested in the subject.

It is indeed strange to observe that the man who took the digital world by storm dropped out of Reed College because the subject did not interest him. Instead he went onto take calligraphy classes and learned everything about typography. He found it so fascinating that he utilized his skill in typography when he designed his first Macintosh computer.

It all began in a suburban California garage in 1976 where Steve Jobs and his high school friend Stephen Wozniak started the company Apple Inc. with an initial investment of $1300 in 1972. Why Apple? Because Steve was a fruitarian. Besides, Apple came before Atari (the video game company where Steve had worked earlier) in the phonebook!

Steve Jobs showed the world how good design could make computers small and how they did not have to cost as much as a house. That was Apple I (1976). He brought the personal computer to the average American household with Apple II (1977), a complete computer with a compact custom-made injection moulded plastic case. This was the beginning of the desktop revolution.

He popularized the use of the mouse with the first Apple Macintosh computers that debuted in 1984, thus changing the way the world interacted with computers. Incidentally, Macintosh too was a name derived from an apple variety called McIntosh!

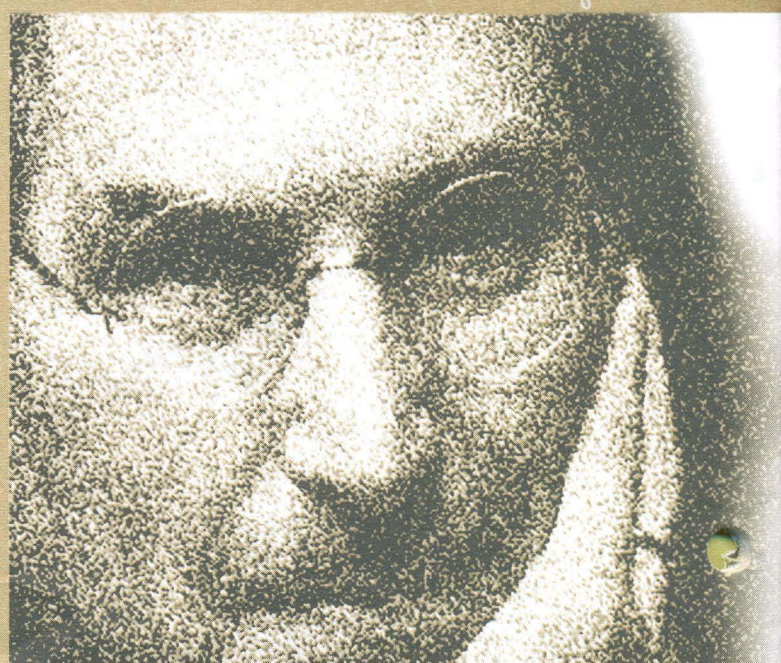
In 1984 Steve Jobs left Apple and launched another computer company NeXT in 1985 which acquired Pixar in 1986. Pixar went on to create the world's first computer animated feature film, *Toy Story*. Pixar is now the most successful animation studio in the world.

Steve Jobs returned to Apple which was in dire straits in 1996, and in 10 years took it to great heights by launching one revolutionary product after another. They included the iPod portable digital audio player in 2001, an online marketplace called the Apple iTunes Store in 2003, the iPhone handset in 2007 and the iPad tablet computer in 2010. Needless to say, Apple products come without a user's manual as all instructions are available at the touch of a button.

Steve Jobs could envision products and devices for his consumers even before they knew they needed it. "It is not the consumers' job to know what they want," he once said. It was this desire to do something different that changed six industries in the last thirty years—personal computers, animated movies, music, phones, tablet computing and digital publishing.

Steve Jobs was neither a hardware engineer nor a software programmer. He was just a technology leader who had 313 patents to his name. His only motto in his life was: be different and see the difference in your life.

Rest in Peace, Steve Jobs! ⌘



The Month That Was

Geeta Menon

NATIONAL

• Oct. 1: The Ahmedabad rural court declines to grant police remand for the suspended IPS officer, Sanjiv Bhatt and sends him to judicial custody.

• A huge flock of painted storks numbering 350 at Keoladeo National Park, Bharatpur make merry as the waters of the Ajan Bund, situated about 1.5 km away is released and reaches there.

• The month long stand off between the Maruti Suzuki India Ltd. (MSIL) management and the agitating Manesar (Haryana) plant workers ends after the management agrees to take back 18 suspended trainees while the workers agree to sign the 'good conduct bond' as desired by the management.

• Oct. 2: Telangana Rashtra Samithi Chief K. Chandrasekhar Rao stages a sit-in at the Rajghat on the occasion of Gandhi Jayanti urging a quick decision on statehood.

• Oct. 3: The Jammu & Kashmir house witnesses unprecedented pandemonium as the Peoples' Democratic Party stall the proceedings seeking adjournment over the death of National Conference activist Syed Yousuf in the custody of the Crime Branch.

• Intelligent, invisible and unobtrusive layers of space-age devices would soon be in place at the centuries-old Sree Padmanabhaswamy Temple in Thiruvananthapuram as part of a Rs. 41-crore, five-tier, security system readied by the State Government.

• Oct. 4: Anna Hazare in an appeal to the people of the five election-bound States says that if the Jan Lokpal Bill is not passed in the winter session of Parliament then people should vote out the Congress.

• At a meeting between Prime Minister Manmohan Singh and Afghanistan President Hamid Karzai at the Hyderabad House in New Delhi, India agrees to mentor the Afghan security forces as they gear up to deal with the drawdown of foreign forces by 2014.

• Oct. 7: Prime Minister Manmohan Singh promises to set up an expert group to address the 'Legitimate concerns' of those protesting the Kundankulam nuclear power plant in Tamil Nadu, but he also clearly indicates that the project would go forward.

• Oct. 10: The CBI conducts simultaneous searches on the premises of the former Union Minister Dayanidhi Maran and his elder brother and Sun Network Managing Director, Kalanidhi Maran, in connection with a case arising out of the Aircel-Maxis deal.

• Seeking to eliminate the ambiguities of the past, the draft National Telecom Policy 2011 will remove national roaming charges, make broadband available on demand, bring in a 'one-nation, one-license' policy and allow mobile numbers to be ported to any part of the country.

• The Supreme Court stays execution of the death sentence awarded to Pakistani terrorist Ajmal Kasab, the lone surviving gunner in the November 2008 Mumbai terror attacks.

• A key figure in the re-emergence of the Ghazal as a popular genre in the 70s and 80s of the last century, Jagjit Singh (70) passes away in Mumbai after suffering brain haemorrhage.

• Environmentalist and former Union Minister Mohan Dharia (84) selected as the winner for the 26th Indira Gandhi Award for National Integration.

• Oct. 11: Even as a controversy rages over the Rs. 32 per capita per day poverty line, Planning Commission Deputy Chairman Montek Singh Ahluwalia has said "it is not all that ridiculous" in Indian conditions.

• BJP leader, L.K. Advani begins his 40-day Jan Chetna Rally against corruption from Chhapra in Bihar. This is his sixth rath yatra.

• Oct. 12: The Delhi High Court acquits former senior IPS Officer R.K. Sharma in the much talked about Shivani Bhatnagar murder case of 1999 saying the prosecution had failed to prove the charge of conspiracy against him beyond reasonable doubt.

• Oct. 13: The Supreme Court asks the Centre why no action was taken on the November 2, 2007 letter written by Prime Minister Manmohan Singh to the then Telecom Minister A. Raja suggesting "introduction of a transparent method policy of auction" for spectrum allocation.

• A car packed with explosives apparently meant to create explosions in Delhi around Diwali time found near Ambala Cantonment railway station.

• Oct. 15: Two and a half months after he was forced to resign as Karnataka Chief Minister, B.S. Yeddyurappa confronted with an arrest warrant in a land scam surrenders in the Special Lokayukta Court which remanded him to judicial custody till October 22.

• Oct. 16: Rajasthan Water Resources Minister Mahipal Maderna dropped from the Cabinet after a day-long confusion over an official recommendation sent to the Raj Bhavan for his dismissal in the wake of allegations about his involvement in

Oct. 12: India's Polar Satellite Launch Vehicle (PSLV-C18) demonstrates its reliability and consistency yet again when it puts four satellites in orbit. The satellites are: Megha-Tropiques, an Indo-French mission to study the weather and climate in the tropical regions of the world; SRMSat, built by students of SRM University, near Chennai; Jugnu, put together by Indian Institute of Technology, Kanpur students; and VesselSat from Luxembourg. The fourth stage fires the four in orbit after 21 minutes of a flawless flight, the 19th consecutive success of the PSLV, prompting P.S. Veeraraghavan, Director, Vikram Sarabhai Space Centre, Thiruvananthapuram, to brand it a "Perfect Satellite Launch Vehicle".

a case of mysterious disappearance of an auxiliary nurse midwife, Bhanwari Devi.

• Oct. 17: Continuing its exercise of reforms in various provisions and guidelines, the Election Commissioner of India moves one more step ahead by allowing registered unrecognized political parties to have a common symbol as a one-time offer during the general elections.

• The Congress fails to win a single seat in the by elections: Haryana Janhit Congress retains the Hisar Lok Sabha seat, the Janata Dal United (JD-U) kept the Daraunda Assembly seat in Bihar, and the Telangana Rashtra Samithi (TRS) wins the Banswada Assembly seat in Andhra Pradesh.

• Oct. 20: The Election Commissioner delivers a historic verdict by disqualifying U.P. MLA Umlesh Yadav from contesting again for three years for not including in her official accounts of expenditure the amount she spent on advertising in two Hindi dailies that were masquerading as news items.

• The South India's first metro rail service flagged off by Union Urban Development Minister Kamal Nath on Line-1 of Namma Metro between Mahatma Gandhi Road and Byappanahalli in Bangalore.

• Oct. 22: At least 32 people were killed and over 50 injured when a bridge over a river collapsed in the Bijanbari area of Darjeeling.

• The Gujarat High Court appoints Special Investigation Team to reconstruct the Ishrat Jahan alleged fake encounter for a better understanding of the case.

• Oct. 29: After a 15-day strike, third this year, at its Manesar plant in Haryana, Maruti Suzuki announces that it would set up a manufacturing facility in Gujarat's Mehsana district.

• Oct. 31: Former Jharkhand Chief Minister Madhu Koda sustains injuries after he is assaulted in Ranchi's Birsa Munda Central Jail where he is currently lodged in connection with a multicrore scam.

INTERNATIONAL

• Oct. 3: Three scientists—Bruce Beutler, Jules Hoffmann and Ralph M. Steinman—who uncovered key secrets of how the body's immune system works win the 2011 Nobel Prize for Medicine.

• A huge hole that appeared in the Earth's protective ozone layer above the Arctic in 2011 was the largest recorded in the Northern Hemisphere, triggering worries that the event could occur again and be even worse. Millions are at risk of cancer-causing UV Light if the event recurs.

• Oct. 4: A car bomb rips through a government compound in Mogadishu killing 70 people in the deadliest attack by Somalias' Shehab since they launch their insurgency almost five years ago.

• Oct. 6: Tomas Transtromer, the Swedish poet wins the 2011 Nobel Prize for literature.

• Oct. 7: The 2011 Nobel Peace Prize is split among three women—Liberian President Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, activists Leywah Gbowee of Liberia and Tawakkol Karman of Yemen.

• Oct. 12: Unfazed by Chinese objections, India and Vietnam ink an agreement to promote oil exploration in South China Sea along with a slew of pacts, including an extradition treaty, to deepen trade, security and strategic ties between the two countries.

• Oct. 13: Raj Rajaratnam (54), billionaire hedge fund manager convicted in May on 14 counts of securities fraud and conspiracy, handed a 11-year jail term by a Manhattan court.

• Oct. 16: Buoyed by the longevity of the Occupy Wall Street encampment in New York City, a wave of protests sweep across Asia, the Americas and Europe with hundreds of people expressing discontent with the economic tides in marches, tallies and occasional clashes with police.

• Oct. 18: The Palestinian Hamas frees abducted Israeli soldier Gilad Shalit in return for the release from Israeli jails of 477 Palestinians as part of a prisoner swap deal.

• Oct. 20: Muammar Qadhafi, the former Libyan strongman who fled into hiding after rebels toppled his regime two months ago in the Arab Spring's most violent uprising, killed as fighters battling the vestiges of his loyalist forces wrested control of his hometown of Sirte.

• Oct. 21: Pakistan elected to UN Security Council as a non-permanent member for a two-year term beginning Jan 1, 2012.

• Oct. 23: Over 1000 people killed when a powerful earthquake of 7.2 magnitude jolts Turkey destroying dozens of buildings.

• After the dawn of the Arab Spring, Tunisia goes to polls first time since 1956 to elect 217 members to an Assembly that will write a new Constitution.

• Oct. 24: The whistleblowing website Wikileaks suspends publishing classified US diplomatic files to focus instead on fund raising to ensure its future survival.

SPORTS

• Oct. 9: India pulls off an exciting five-run win over Sri Lanka to clinch the final of the under-19 quadrangular cricket tournament in Visakhapatnam.

• Mumbai Indians triumph against Royal Challengers in the final of the Champions League T20 title in Chennai.

• Oct. 11: Indian pugilists Vikas Krishan, Manoj Kumar, Devendro Laishram and Jai Bhagwan secure Olympic berths having won the bronze medal at the recently concluded AIBA World Boxing Championships at Baku, Azerbaijan.

• Oct. 15: Churchil Brothers lifts Durand Cup football beating Prayag United in a tie-break 5-4 in the final in New Delhi.

• Oct. 20: The international debut of nine-a-side field hockey (Hockey 9s format) in the four-day International Super Series gets underway in Perth, Australia. The innovation includes a number of other trial rules such as 15-minute halves and wider goals to increase spectator appeal.

• Oct. 22: India wins three gold, five silver and a bronze in the fourth Asian air-gun championship in Kuwait.

• Oct. 23: Hosts New Zealand pips France to win the Rugby World Cup in Auckland.

• Rohan Bopanna and Aisam-ul-haq Qureshi win their second ATP doubles title in the summit clash of the Stockholm Open.

• Oct. 25: India routs England by 95 runs in the fifth ODI in Kolkata to take the series 5-0.

Oct. 30: Amid the defeaning roar of the speed demons and thousands of cheering fans, India arrives at the International Formula One circuit in style as Sebastian Vettel (RBR-Renault) zooms to his 11th victory this year, followed by Jenson Button (McLaren-Mercedes) and Fernando Alonso (Ferrari) at the maiden Grand Prix at Buddh International Circuit in Greater Noida, U.P. India's Narain Karthikeyan finishes 17th.

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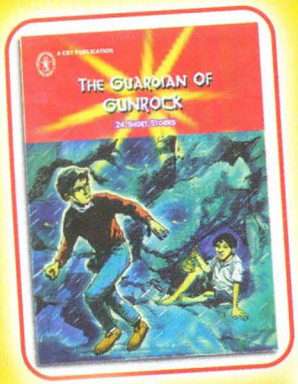

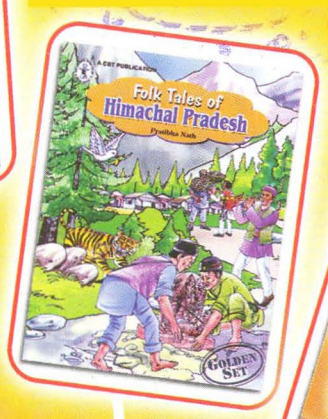

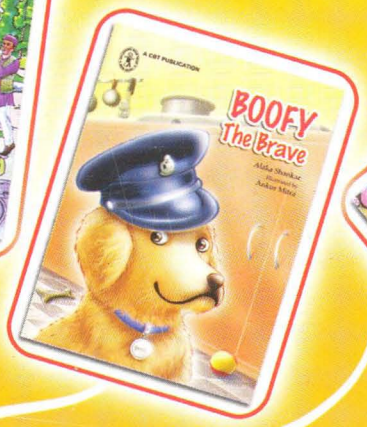

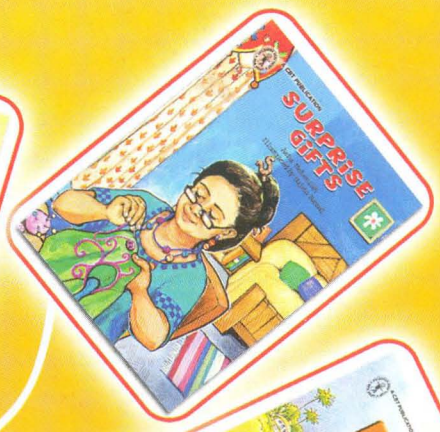

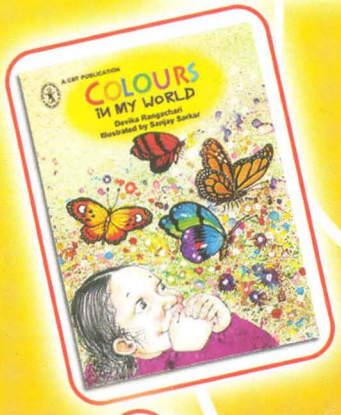

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